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NOTWITHSTANDING that he has failed to secure a conviction, Emory R. Buckner, the federal attorney for the southern district of New York, deserves the thanks of his fellow countrymen for having obtained and for having prosecuted the indictment against a former Alien Property Custodian, Mr. Thomas W. Miller, and a former Attorney General of the United States, Harry M. Daugherty. Failure to convict is not Mr. Buckner's fault. He and his assistants devoted an immense amount of labor, ingenuity and legal acumen to the preparation of the case. Undisputed evidence proved that J. T. King and Jesse Smith accepted over \$400,000 from Richard Merton for doing something to remove obstacles which had seemed insurmountable to the granting of the claim against the American government on behalf of the American Metal Company. Mr. Buckner by means of evidence which was also not disputed traced to the possession of the two indicted officials some of the money which was paid to Mr. King. But for technical reasons the two accused of-

ficials could not be indicted for bribery. They could only be indicted for having conspired to deprive the government of the benefit of their honest and diligent services and it is, of course, extremely difficult to establish beyond any doubt, reasonable or unreasonable, the existence of the mental collaboration among several men in the performance of an act which legally constitutes a conspiracy. But the case was magnificently prepared by Mr. Buckner's office and ably and eloquently argued by the District Attorney himself. His failure to convict is unfortunate, but at least he was able to place on record in a United States Court that two of the most responsible officials of a Republican administration, including the head of the Department of Justice, had received and used bonds which they themselves had caused to be paid to a claimant against the United States government.

IT IS consoling that an official effort has been made to convict these offenders. The most humiliating and baleful aspect of the Daugherty régime in the Department of Justice was not that the abuses took place, although their mere existence was bad enough. It is that after they had been exposed they were never repudiated and their perpetrators punished by Mr. Daugherty's associates in the Republican party and administration. No prominent Republicans, even those who are loudest in their personal pretenses to moral and civil rectitude, have ever expressly dissociated themselves from the performance of the Ohio Gang in Washington. On the contrary President Coolidge, when he finally got rid of Mr. Daugherty, deliberately handed him a good character. The former Attorney General was warmly defended by men in the official organization of the Republican party. What is worst of all, a Democratic Senator, Mr. Wheeler, who previous to Mr. Buckner was most responsible for the public exposure of Mr. Daugherty, was legally prosecuted on a flimsy charge by Mr. Daugherty's successors in the Department of Justice. What Mr. Buckner, himself a loyal Republican, has done is to break away from this contemptible record of active or passive connivance. He has labored with all his might to punish the cabinet officer who allowed his most intimate friend to accept money

for the exercise of some kind of influence upon the decisions of his department. The fact that he has through no fault of his own failed to convict will do much to justify the cynicism with which the ordinary American citizen now regards the business of politics and government, but it is far better to have tried and failed than to have allowed the good repute of the United States government to have suffered without any protest or any attempt to redeem it.

POLITICS has never produced more ill-assorted bedfellows than in the present Senatorial race in Illinois. In that state the Anti-Saloon League is supporting Frank L. Smith, the regular Republican candidate. Not only is this true, but Hugh Magill, the Independent Republican candidate, says that Dr. G. B. Safford, state superintendent for the League, tried to get him to withdraw from the race in order to insure Smith's election. Frank L. Smith, as everyone knows, is the man in whose behalf public utility money was squandered wholesale in the Republican primary, although he is head of the state Utilities Commission and therefore the most elementary notions of public decency should prohibit contributions from corporations which are directly affected to the extent of millions of dollars by his official acts. The scandal of his campaign is equaled only by that of Pennsylvania; if he should be elected there is grave doubt whether the Senate will permit him to take his place. Under these circumstances what possible justification can the Anti-Saloon League, supposedly composed of honest and respectable citizens, give for supporting a man of his stripe? Is it prepared to condone the purchase of seats in the U. S. Senate? And if so, since when? And do the contributors of funds to the League know it?

AS THE heads of German and British industries met for a week-end party, speculation was voluminous as to what they were to discuss and decide. One report had it that the Germans attempted to induce the British to join the Continental steel pool. It is significant, however, that the conference included representatives of many other industries besides iron and steel. That a well formulated program of any kind should arise from such a brief deliberation is incredible, unless this was merely a ratification meeting for plans previously and secretly elaborated. All the commentator can say with any confidence, on the basis of such meagre information as exists, is that this is another sign that the European business world has learned since 1914 that it is internationally dependent as well as internationally competitive. If such a meeting could have been held fifteen years ago, we should have heard less of the "inevitable" Anglo-German trade rivalry. The German who said that his countrymen did not rejoice in the difficulties of their neighbors such as the fall of the franc or the British coal strike was

doubtless entirely candid. Certainly the depreciation of French currency directly injures German export trade. And while the British coal strike temporarily shunts large orders to German steel producers, it also deprives German business of the market which would be provided by the buying power of a prosperous Britain.

QUESTIONS of the greatest seriousness for the British Empire will be discussed in the Imperial Conference which meets this month in London. The Dominions are determined to secure a legal redefinition of their status and if they get it the result is sure to be a long step in the direction of autonomy. For years several of the Dominions have objected to the fact that they have been forced to support international policies made by Great Britain alone. A new arrangement on this point is likely to be forthcoming; but that is not all. Both the Union of South Africa and the Irish Free State are going much further and demanding "sovereign independence," and while the exact meaning of that phrase is not clear, it is certain to be something highly unpalatable to Great Britain. Canada having obtained consent to have her own Minister at Washington, all the Dominions are asking a similar right. They want representatives not only at foreign capitals but among themselves and even at London. It is hard to see how their demands can be refused; and it is equally hard to see how, if they are granted, the old relationship in which all authority and prestige rested in London can any longer be maintained.

AGAIN a group of farmers is in despair over the bounty of nature. The boll weevil has not done his full duty, and other favorable circumstances have conspired to bring the cotton crop up to an estimated 16,627,000 bales. This is so much larger than the probable demand that the price has gone down to a point where large parts of the crop are barely worth harvesting. Surely it is an ironic comment on man's ability to manage his own affairs when such a great addition to real wealth should threaten to impoverish so many people. There are two schools of thought as to what should be done. One, apparently represented by Governor Whitfield of Mississippi, who has called a meeting of all southern governors at Memphis, looks to a planned reduction of acreage next year and a holding of cotton off this year's market by farmers through aid from coöperative associations which may receive credit for the purpose from the Federal Intermediate Credit Banks. The other, represented by Secretary Hoover, looks for reduced future acreage as a result of "natural law" operating on farmers through this year's losses, and an absorption of this year's surplus at low prices by manufacturers who will thus be enabled to realize a speculative profit and may be helped to do so by extension of credit.

THE plan to reduce future cotton production and hold part of this year's crop off the market has this to be said in its favor—it is economic waste to produce more cotton than is needed, and a steadier flow of cotton would benefit everyone more than alternate gluts and scarcities. There is also this to be said against the plan—it is difficult, without better organization of control than exists, to reduce production and keep prices up at the same time. And if a monopolistic force capable of doing so existed, it might be in a position to profiteer. Secretary Hoover's rage at Britain's rubber restrictions might in such a case be reasonably duplicated by a protest from British cotton mills against America's cotton restrictions. But Mr. Hoover's scheme has the demerit that it does nothing to control the waste of fluctuating cotton production, and while it applies "natural law" to the suffering farmers, it gives tangible man-made assistance to the profiting manufacturers. As a choice of two evils, we prefer the first. Eventually we shall have to devise a system of controlled production in which consumers can share.

AT the open shop session of the National Association of Manufacturers in New York, meeting at the same time as the American Federation of Labor in Detroit, copious quotations were read from the reports of the recent so-called "trade-union" delegation brought to the United States by the London Daily Mail. These extracts praised company unions and employe stock ownership, and commented on the "cordial relationships" between workers and managements in non-union plants. As John L. Dryden, President of the Detroit Employers' Association, remarked: "It is difficult to believe you are reading a report of a trade union delegation and not that of a delegation of bankers." So difficult indeed that the conclusion is warranted that the report is not that of a trade-union delegation. For as J. T. Brownlie of the British Amalgamated Engineering Union told the Metal Trades Department of the A. F. of L., the delegates were reactionaries hand-picked by the foremost anti-labor paper in Britain, who happened to hold union cards because they worked in union shops. They were men of no prominence or standing in the labor movement, and of no ascertainable qualifications for the job of observer. After a few weeks' personally conducted tour at the expense of the Mail, they returned to England, were given a banquet attended by notorious enemies of labor, and signed their report—which probably was written for them by those who planned the trip.

IT IS interesting to learn from the Federated Press that of persons concerned in the Mooney case, the trial judge, the district attorney and his three assistants, the foreman of the jury and eight of the nine living jurors, have joined in the plea for the pardon of Mooney and Billings on the ground that

they were convicted on perjured testimony, as was conclusively shown by Mr. Felix Frankfurter in the New Republic for Jan. 18, 1922. The hearing will be held at Sacramento on October 20. It may be hoped that at last the state of California will purge itself of the official crime of punishing innocent men. But the case should not be dropped. In spite of their tardy conversion District Attorney Fickert and all who had part with him in the frame-up which nearly sent Mooney and Billings to the gallows should be brought to trial for their acts in office. (Massachusetts papers please copy.)

GOVERNOR ROLAND HARTLEY of Washington owes the country an explanation of the summary dismissal of Dr. Henry Suzzalo, who for eleven years has been President of the University of Washington. Of Doctor Suzzalo's competence there seems to be no question by anybody; yet the Governor carefully and methodically packed the Board of Regents with his henchmen who proceeded to depose Doctor Suzzalo. No complaint had been made against the University President; no charges were preferred, no hearing was offered or defense permitted. A vote was taken demanding his resignation; and when, naturally, he refused to resign under such extraordinary circumstances, he was removed. Friends of Doctor Suzzalo—who seem to include a majority of his students and faculty and many other persons in the city and state—charge that Governor Hartley's animosity is partly due to his unwillingness, as a hard-headed business man, to spend any of the state's money on this highfalutin' nonsense of education—the three R's being enough for anybody. In part, they declare he is seeking revenge for an incident of the Great War. At that time Doctor Suzzalo, as chairman of the State Council of Defense, recommended the introduction of the eight-hour day among the men engaged in getting out the spruce for airplanes. Naturally, the good patriotic lumbermen howled to Heaven against this outrageous proposal just as they did when Col. Brice P. Disque told them to put showerbaths and decent living quarters into the logging camps. Governor Hartley was one of the lumbermen who fought the eight-hour day and was overruled by Doctor Suzzalo. Certainly, the Governor owes it to himself to clear his name of these charges. Quite apart from the fact that a University President must not be subject to discharge like an office-boy, if the profession of educator is to retain any dignity and freedom at all, either of the other charges, if sustained, would be sufficient to disqualify Governor Hartley from holding public office.

IT IS a dismal comedy which is in progress in Indiana, where most of the state officials seem to be doing everything they can to prevent a real investigation of the reign of D. C. Stephenson, late Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan. Charges of the

greatest importance have been made by a committee of the Indiana Republican Publishers' Association, headed by Thomas A. Adams, publisher of the Vincennes Commercial. It is alleged that Stephenson, who is now serving a life sentence for assault and murder, controlled many of the state's officials and extended his control by bribery, coercion and otherwise, even to the state courts and to members of Congress. In the face of these charges remarkable apathy has been displayed by the state officials. The warden of the penitentiary refused to let anyone communicate with Stephenson, and persisted in this attitude even in the face of a court order. The Governor showed remarkably little interest in the matter until nationwide publicity forced him to act. Then he agreed to an investigation by a Marion County Grand Jury—a type of inquiry which Adams had previously predicted would be sure to result only in a whitewashing of all the accused individuals. In short, the actions of the authorities lend more color of verisimilitude to the charges than anything else. Clearly, the matter is one which will not be dealt with properly by anything less than a committee of the Indiana State Legislature, and even such a committee would have to be most carefully chosen and watched.

Irrepressible Prohibition

THE outstanding interest of the fall political campaign is not the barren contest between the Republicans and the Democrats for the control of Congress. It is the effort of a few candidates of both parties in half a dozen states to reopen the question of national prohibition. If this effort succeeds, the prohibition puzzle will distract the Presidential campaign two years from now, with consequences which are incalculable from the point of view of both parties and all the prominent candidates. But the attempt may not be successful. The majority of professional politicians, particularly those connected with the national organizations, will do their best to suppress the issue or to confine its assaults on party cohesion to a few refractory states. It is sufficient for them that prohibition cannot overshadow the next Presidential campaign without driving a wedge into either the Democratic or the Republican party or both.

The results of the election in New York state will from this point of view be most important. It provides an illuminating illustration of the perils of either reopening the issue or of treating it as closed. The Democratic candidate, Governor Smith, is, of course, the arch-aggressor in the campaign to modify the Eighteenth Amendment. He and the Democratic state organization are notorious, thorough-going, unashamed and militant wets. They have in the past gone as far as they could in depriving the federal government in New York of the coöperation of state officers in enforcing obedience to the federal law. They have recently sub-

mitted to their own voters the question whether the several states should not within certain limits do what they please about prohibition; and if New York answers with an emphatic affirmative, the authority of the Volstead act in their state will, of course, be still further undermined. The referendum is, as Senator Borah has justly observed, essentially the attempt on the part of one state to nullify a federal law. Its success will encourage the many enemies of prohibition who propose to get rid of it by acting as if they could morally ignore its existence to persist in their dubious ways. The reelection of Governor Smith by another huge majority and the emphatic approval of state nullification by the voters of New York will be the signs of a popular revolt on which the wets are counting in order to force, two years from now, the reconsideration of national prohibition.

The attitude of the Republican candidates in New York, as compared to that of the Democrats, is both equivocal and weak. They endorse the plan of asking the voters to approve or disapprove of the question contained in the referendum, but they refuse to lead their Republican followers to the decision which in their opinion would be best for the country. They are, that is, playing it both ways. Inasmuch as they agree with the Democrats in submitting the referendum, they are apparently in favor of reopening the decision of 1919, but they do not dare frankly to say as much. They are conniving at the attempt to undermine the authority and prestige of a law while pretending to favor its energetic and scrupulous enforcement. Their attitude corresponds with that assumed by Senator Pepper in the Pennsylvania primary campaign of last spring and we hope that it will receive a similar castigation.

On the other hand if the New York Democrats win a decisive victory both for their candidate and their referendum, their difficulties will have only begun. No doubt they will have still further blasted the authority of the obnoxious federal statute and will have encouraged anti-prohibitionists all over the Union to imitate their attempt to nullify it, or, if you prefer, to violate its commands. But what can they do next? They can, of course, enter Governor Smith formally for the Democratic nomination in 1928 on an unequivocally wet platform, but they must recognize that they cannot either nominate him or force the Democratic convention to declare itself for or against the modification of prohibition without in all probability splitting the party. The Democratic party is wet in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Ohio and Illinois, but it is dry in New Hampshire, California, Pennsylvania and in practically all the southern and western states. The dry Democrats of the predominantly rural communities are culturally and economically alien to the urban Democrats of the North. If the latter insist on forcing the issue of prohibition to a decision in the national convention, it is most im-

probable that they will succeed in nominating a wet candidate or in dictating the platform. Their emphasis of the issue in their own states will compel them to do all they can to extort a decision from the convention, but if they succeed, the decision is much more likely to run against them than in their favor.

The factions in the Republican party which are fighting to have the question reopened are less numerous and less aggressive than the corresponding Democratic factions. They are powerful only in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The issue in its national aspect is, consequently, less troublesome to the Republicans than it is to the Democrats. Whoever the Republicans nominate, the party in its next national convention will have a better chance of formally avoiding any reopening of the issue. They will act as if national prohibition has come to stay and they will declare in substance that the Republican party, if it continues to govern the country, will satisfy its conscience with law enforcement and not too much of that. A policy of this kind may enable them to jump the prohibition hurdle in 1928 without getting thrown, but in that case they will pay a heavy price in many important states for their national victory. If the anti-prohibitionist tide rises, as it probably will, they will have compromised their chance of carrying for their Presidential and Senatorial candidates states like New York, New Jersey and Illinois.

From the point of view of both of the existing parties national prohibition is an utterly unmanageable issue. Republicans no less than Democrats and progressives are hopelessly divided in their attitudes towards it. As a consequence of these internal divisions, the politicians of both parties, after suffering for many years from its ravages, sought to settle the issue without a party contest by coöperating during the popular distractions of the War to bury it in the federal Constitution. But it would not stay buried. What they really did was to embalm it and place it in a glass case in the rotunda of the Capitol. Its effect was to cheapen and weaken federal authority without doing away with the social evils of excessive drinking. The nationalizing of prohibition intensified rather than suppressed the aggressiveness of the issue. Prohibition has become irrepressible precisely because it is nationalized. The politicians of the two parties could coöperate to pass the Amendment, but they cannot coöperate to repeal it or modify its administration or in any way to mollify the wet voters. They cannot even coöperate to check the rising revolt. They can only invent petty expedients to avoid or to blunt the sharp edge of the dilemma.

The impotence of the national parties to deal with the question of national prohibition is itself a sufficient indication that prohibition should never have been nationalized. Public opinion in America is too deeply and too widely divided in reference to it. Its success as a matter of administration depends upon the coöperation of the state govern-

ments, which if it is not freely and energetically given, places an impossible or an undesirable responsibility on the federal officials. That coöperation is in certain major instances not forthcoming. Yet the federal government cannot get along without it. So much is clear. But what to do? For there seems to be no way of de-nationalizing it without fighting the issue out in one or more national elections. Despite the reluctance of the politicians, it seems to us that such a fight is both inevitable and desirable. The most useful political leaders present are those like Al Smith, who insist on reopening the issue. We believe that the stars in their courses are fighting on their side, just as they fought on the side of the free soil agitators who insisted on raising the issue of slavery, in spite of the consecration of that institution in the Constitution. In one way or another the Eighteenth Amendment will have to be changed as the result of a decision by the American people at a national election.

But we doubt whether they will be ready to reach that decision as soon as November, 1928. The question, as we have seen, can hardly be submitted to the voters without a schism in the Democratic party, and the leaders of that party may still succeed in avoiding such a schism in the convention of 1928. If the Republican tactical position appears to be weak, as may well be the case, the Democrats will have a powerful motive for compromising on a wet candidate, not Al Smith, who will consent to run on an equivocal platform. The object would be, of course, to capture votes of wet Republicans without losing the votes of dry Democrats. But while they may succeed with such a strategy in 1928 or even elect a Presidential candidate by such means, they cannot continue successfully to equivocate in this way. The wet voters will demand results. In the end some legislation which modifies the Volstead act will have to be passed by Congress and signed by a President, and we do not as yet see how such legislation can be passed unless an election, which deals expressly with the issue, decisively demonstrates the fact that a majority of American voters, even if living in a minority of the states, demands an essentially local administration of the prohibition law.

The New Republic would welcome such an election in the interest of progressive American politics. Until the question of national prohibition is opened again and a new experiment is tried, opinion will not be prepared for the effective renewal of a national progressive agitation. Prohibition is the example of a social reform which was apparently demanded by the conscience of the American people, which is almost certainly a failure and which by its failure has discredited all reform in politics. It cannot be administered without a generally distributed popular support which it does not and cannot obtain. Its own friends are not willing to invest federal officials with power sufficient to en-

force the law, and in the absence of a much larger federal police and a system of federal police courts, the administration of the law within the jurisdiction of the states must in the end be turned over to the states. But the failure to enforce it and the suspicion and contempt which the abortive attempt at enforcement has brought upon the federal government has dislocated the landmarks of American progressive politics. The future of progressivism in its administrative aspect depends upon coöperation between the municipal, state and federal authorities in the assumption of new public responsibilities and such coöperation is for the present grievously handicapped. Prohibition has provoked and in part justified a revival of dogmatic anti-federalism, which moist Republicans and wet Democrats combine to propagate for different reasons, and as long as anti-federalism seems to be in the ascendant, progressive politics in America will suffer from the lack of an indispensable instrument for the realization of its purposes. That is one reason why in our opinion progressive voters should join the wets in trying to force a reconsideration of the question of national prohibition.

Detroit's Challenge to Labor

IT was a stroke of exceedingly good fortune for the American Federation of Labor when the churches and Y. M. C. A. of Detroit withdrew their invitations from speakers representing the unions. If the speakers had gone ahead without this interruption, as they have done in other convention cities for several years, many would have heard the message of organized labor, and doubtless some new friends would have responded. But by this incident the voice of the Federation is transformed from lecture to drama. A play—especially on the stage of public events—has more interest than a discourse; it carries further, its impression lasts longer, and, more important than all, it frequently has more point.

We do not refer principally to the obvious publicity value of conflict, though that in itself is no mean advantage. When anyone wants to stifle discussion, he is foolish to begin unless he can achieve complete success. Censor-made hits among books and plays are frequent enough so that many a publisher or manager counts himself lucky if only some one will try to prevent his production from being read or seen. There is no stimulant to curiosity like suppression. The Detroit Board of Commerce and open shop employers did not prevent labor's message from being heard; they simply set up a sounding board behind it, and attracted crowds to the spectacle. Any publicity man who could achieve a similar success for a client would deserve his fee twice over.

If this were all, however, it would be worth hardly more than passing mention, since it is famil-

iar enough. But the conviction carried by the drama itself is essentially different from the force of the speeches. Most of us knew that the unions were not strong in Detroit, especially in the automobile industry. We had been led to believe that they were not strong simply because the employers were able to bid higher for the employees' adherence than was organized labor. Wages were relatively high, hours short. The employee's "freedom" from union rules, his change to bargain as an individual in the good "American" way, were being protected by the zealous boss. The antiquated metal trades unions had nothing to offer such a prosperous and contented citizenry. Their jurisdictional lines kept them from making any powerful concerted attack on mass production or making places in their ranks for the mere operators of machines. In such a situation the labor speakers would have come and had their say; they presumably would have had nothing new to offer; they would have gone and left Detroit outside the union preserves as before. The employers need not have lifted their little fingers.

Apparently, however, the employers were not so sure of their position as this. Detroit, they say, has had unprecedented growth and prosperity as a result of its freedom from unionism; they mean to keep it prosperous and non-union. But how? Not simply by treating their employees so well that the union leaders would not have a chance. But by declaring that the union leaders are "against the government," by keeping them out of church pulpits, and off the Y. M. C. A. platform. This betrays nerves; it provides a challenge which the Federation could not fail to accept; it stirs interest in organization among the rank-and-file workers and hope of success among the union leaders. These same unions were once able, under a spirit of enthusiasm and an organization technique which abandoned craft sectionalism, to attract to their ranks enough workers in the great basic steel plants so that when these recruits struck for recognition they crippled the steel industry for weeks. In some ways, the task of organizing automobile plants is easier than getting into the steel mills. The drama provided by the employers in Detroit may thus add action to words.

There is finally a symbolism about the affair that clothes labor's cause in an importance which it might not otherwise display. Why does organized labor exist? Why should those who are interested in the future of the nation wish to see it advance? Merely to increase the prosperity and leisure of employees? Merely to add to wages and to decrease hours? This "merely" is, to be sure, hardly fair; tremendous consequences are bound up in the attainment of adequate standards of life by everyone. The unions are right to emphasize attainable material objectives as they do. But the body of this doctrine has a spirit. Else why do not the unions disband before the spectacle of open shops paying

high wages? The struggle ostensibly for wages and hours frequently involves a deeper meaning and invokes a stronger loyalty than does the trader's struggle for another cent of profit. It is also a struggle for the kind of community where the masters of industry cannot, by force of their dollars, induce the Y. M. C. A.'s not to have certain speakers on their platforms, the kind of community where the industrial vestrymen who support the churches cannot denature the pulpit from important questions which they consider "controversial," the kind of community where not only religion, but politics and of course industry as well, is not subject to rule without genuine consultation and consent of the governed. Even if the Detroit Board of Commerce were quite right in believing that the open shop was one indispensable cause of Detroit's prosperity, and even if the unions could do nothing to improve the automobile workers' material condition, it would still be insupportable that the workmen should, like so many well fed domestic animals, live their lives out in a shop, a city and a nation in whose direction they do not in the slightest degree participate and in whose creation they have no conscious part; fenced in, harnessed and herded to their stalls. Group action through an independent union is about the only autonomous industrial action possible to the machine-tender, and the sense of having a voice through his own organization in the conduct of affairs is an expression of every man's need for meaningful experience in and contact with the world about him. Perhaps men may be led to accept without biological injury the rôle of automata in their work and purely receptive agents in their play, but a race composed of such beings would lose all values which have hitherto made human endeavor seem precious.

If the unions are to make headway in such a situation as that in Detroit, which may well be a foretaste of the typical industrial situation, they must in some way or other convey to the workers a sense of this corporate freedom to act and to experiment, this industrial citizenship, a chance to win which the unions are to offer them. To forget the old craft lines in the organizing campaign is a good beginning, but it is the barest necessity in view of the nature of the modern plants. To accept mass production and the repetitive process is also an immediate requirement. But there is a peculiar psychological need to be met in winning the loyalty of the modern industrial employee. He has no craft monopoly to protect; he is not so far down the scale in wages and hours. The old slogans probably will not touch him. But has he not a deep and unsatisfied need for functional freedom, a smouldering sense, which may be awakened, that he is being deprived of the essential experience of industry? On the hope that he has, and that either the labor movement or some similar force will find and resolve it, seems to depend the possibility of a full individual and social life under mechanical civilization.

Sectionalism: New Style

THERE is an argument used by Europeans who favor the federation of their continent which, when first heard, is startling to an American. It declares that the United States is a happy example of what they propose to bring about, since it is a successful union of forty-eight autonomous commonwealths. Historically, to be sure, there is some support for this point of view: prior to 1789 the differences between some at least of the thirteen colonies were great enough to offer a fair parallel to existing European conditions, if you overlook the language barriers and the legacies of hate from past wars which exist in the latter case. But in recent generations, as space and time have shrunk with the advance of mechanical invention, statehood has become, in nearly every part of the country, of diminishing importance. While there are a few exceptions, such as the "empires" of Texas and California, generally speaking the state boundaries, across which our trains and automobiles speed so readily, exist mainly today as conveniences for politicians and for the post office department. Business and pleasure nowadays are interstate affairs; people on one side of any given state border dress, act and talk as do their neighbors across the line; they read the same magazines, go to the same movies and are edified by the same syndicated preachments of Arthur Brisbane and Dr. Frank Crane.

While this is true, there is another aspect of our national life which comes much closer to approximating the conditions which exist in Europe. Differences of viewpoint and economic interest between one section of the country and another which have existed from the beginning of our national history are in the opinion of competent observers as strong as, and probably stronger than, they have ever been in the past, and seem likely to be even more potent in the future. They deserve, certainly, much more careful study and interpretation by students of American life than they have been receiving. Indeed, they are for the most part ignored, except by politicians who seek to utilize them to forward their own purposes. This has always been true. As Frederick J. Turner, the well known historian of the frontier, remarks in a thoughtful essay on this subject (in the *Annals of the Association of American Geographers*):

Again and again throughout our political history there has been a breakdown of party voting and alliances between regional groups regardless of party affiliations. Calhoun's whole political career shows a desire to use a sectional balance of power and to combine the West with the South. Van Buren would have an entente cordiale between the plain republicans of the middle region and the planters of the South led by Virginia. Henry Clay and John Quincy Adams would join the northern zone of the Ohio Valley and the North Atlantic. Benton wished to

hold the West to a position where, as its political power increased with the admission of new states and with the growth of population, it should be "bid for," as he said, by the older sections.

While the differences between sections usually express themselves politically, they are almost always based upon conflict of economic interest. A clear example is the present quarrel between the agrarian Middle West and the tariff-protected industrialized northwestern states. Another fight which has its roots partly in the same antagonism and partly in religious differences is that which finds its chief expression inside the Democratic party, between the South—rural, dry, conservative and Protestant—and the North—urban, wet, mildly liberal and quite largely Roman Catholic. The quarrel which almost the whole country west of the Alleghanies has with New York City is again, partly because New York is the seat of the "money power" and partly because it is the supposed sink of old-world iniquity which is alleged to poison the country's art, drama, literature and even, latterly, its theology.

Not only are sections united by antagonism to other sections, but in the effort to attain a common politico-economic result. Illustrations which come readily to mind are: the north central bloc which is seeking a St. Lawrence waterway; the bloc in the wheat and corn states which wants the McNary-Haugen bill; the central bloc behind the lakes-to-gulf waterway; the six-state group which (against the opposition of Arizona) is fighting for the Boulder Dam project; the New York-New Jersey agreement for the development of the New York City harbor; the Columbia and Delaware river projects; the Middle Western group of states fighting allegedly discriminatory freight rates. Some of the proposals for railway consolidation also looked toward sectional amalgamation of the roads.

The creation of the Federal Reserve Bank's twelve regions marked the first official attempt of the national government to divide the country into sections. Accompanied as it was by feverish pulling of political wires in the effort to have certain states and cities included in one district rather than another, it has itself been a force working in some degree against national homogeneity. The Federal Reserve division of course does not coincide with any of the other groupings of the states, which indeed greatly vary according as one interest or another is involved. The bank grouping makes four regions of the industrial northeast; three of the southeast; three of the corn and wheat states. Only the Pacific Coast district covers as much as one logical unit; and in this case those who outlined the plan rather overdid the matter by including Nevada, Idaho, Utah and Arizona, which owe hardly any more allegiance to San Francisco than they do to Chicago.

In the long run, such conflicts as that between the agrarian Middle West and the industrial North-

east will be resolved on the political stage, by trial of strength. But in the meantime, the development of our national life is presenting sectional problems for solving which no adequate machinery as yet exists. Hydro-electric power is, temporarily, one of these. The day is probably not far distant when it will need to be dealt with as a nationwide matter, but at present many of the most important questions regarding it are regional in character. Our scheme of government, technically at least, ignores the region as an administrative unit. We have no provision for anything between the single state and the union of all forty-eight of them. It is true that interstate compacts may be drawn up, with the approval of Congress in each case, but this is a clumsy and uncertain device, as the history of the Colorado River Compact proves. Suppose a single state chooses to exercise a veto on a project which is of vital importance to a group of others: shall this veto be allowed to remain effective at whatever cost? Or, if it is to be overridden, by whom, and how? This is a question which, as will be seen, goes to the very heart of the problem of states' rights.

The main function of the national government in relation to public utilities has in the past been to regulate and restrict. This has been on the theory that these industries should and will be privately owned and operated, and that therefore private initiative may be relied upon to produce new enterprises as needed. However, for three decades, increasing doubt has been exhibited as to the desirability of private operation of these vast public utilities some of which almost literally hold the power of life or death over the inhabitants of large areas. If this new point of view continues to be maintained, what machinery can be developed which may be relied upon to initiate new projects which are too large for a single state, too small for the federal government? Clearly, we are entering a realm of problems which, arising as they do from an advance in technology which is both unforeseen and unforeseeable, will eventually require some modification of our existing technique of government before we can solve them successfully.

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Marie of Rumania

SHE is a queen, the mother of a queen, the author of a five-foot shelf of letters. When she was born, a Tsar of Russia traveled fifteen hundred miles to see the christening. When she was married her bridegroom built a glass-and-iron amphitheatre to hold the crowd. When she was crowned two and one-quarter miles of dinner guests sat down to banquet with her. It is of such stuff that royal lives are made. But more stuff than that is needed for a lady from the Balkans to win a reputation as far west as Idaho and Kansas. If Marie of Rumania is the most famous queen of Europe, and the toast of young democracies abroad, it is because she has a way with her. Fame is hers on her own merit. For she is something significantly new in queens, and it is a quite modern era which produced her.

She is called an English queen, Rumanian only by adoption. That is because she was born in England of England's royal family and lived in England as a child. She is, as her biographers have pointed out, no more English than she is Rumanian. She is a mixture of two strong races, Russian and German. Her mother was the only daughter of Alexander II, Tsar of Russia. Her father, the Duke of Edinburgh, was the second son of Queen Victoria and therefore German on both sides. Marie was born at Eastwell Park, the country seat of her father's family in Kent. As a child she was the delight of her grandfather when she visited him, because, it is said, she could play cribbage, and the idol of a large family of cousins. With several of these cousins there were young romances which are possibly the apocryphal inventions of the Continental press. It was, at any rate, no cousin whom she married, but a young man from the other end of Europe, a melancholy, high-flown young man with a lost heart and an adopted father. This happened when Marie was seventeen years old.

The young man was Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Rumania, but no more Rumanian than Marie herself. Ferdinand was a Hohenzollern. Not one of the wicked Hohenzollerns who became anathema from Maine to California, later on; but for better or for worse a Hohenzollern none the less, a young man who had become Crown Prince of Rumania in somewhat the same fashion as other men have become Vice-President of the United States: there being no heir-apparent in Rumania, King Carol had offered the succession to Prince Leopold, who in turn had offered it to Prince William, who in turn had suggested Ferdinand. Ferdinand was twenty-four when this occurred. He was twenty-eight when he was married: the marriage taking place, as chronicled above, in a Crys-

tal Palace built for the occasion. This was in January, 1893.

"I was tame enough in those days," writes Marie, "not the least like the modern girl. I suppose the modern girl would have called me an awful fool, and perhaps I was. . . . There were sad days, lonely ones, desperate ones, when I felt like running away. There was, I can tell you, more than one scuffle at the beginning." Some of the scuffling, one infers, was with old King Carol, who had a profound Rumanian conviction that woman's place was in the home. Certain differences of opinion also developed, it seems possible, concerning the future for Marie and Ferdinand himself. For out of health and out of heart (a prior love affair on Ferdinand's part had been broken off by royal edict) Ferdinand was more than once reported in these days to be ready to resign his claim upon the throne and retire to a garden.

One can imagine him broaching the subject to Marie, but one cannot imagine him laboring the point. Resign a throne? Give up a crown? Conceivably Ferdinand was invited to go try it. The grand-daughter of a Tsar of all the Russias was not made to be the wife of any gentlemanly rose-farmer in the Danube. She was made to spread her fame into every land blessed with a daily press; and proved it.

One looks over the life that developed from these early years, and tries to guess what it is that has made Marie the best known queen in Europe, the most photographed queen who ever lived, the constant glory of the rotogravure sections, a celebrity from the boulevards of Paris to the farms of Texas, the prototype of all queen-mothers in the movies, the subject of almost innumerable portrait-sketches in the magazines, all written in a key of ecstasy.

She is beautiful? Yes, but there are other beautiful queens in Europe. She is a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria? Yes, but the grand-daughters of Queen Victoria are legion. She was the war-time queen of a small nation with its back against the wall? Yes, but so also were the Queens of Belgium and Greece, and neither of these ladies ever shared her glory. She is the mother of five handsome children? Other queens have handsome children. In behalf of these children she has raked Europe in a search for thrones? Yes, but that is the business of queen-mothers. Nor has Marie's campaign been attended by success so glittering that we might have, here, an explanation of her fame. At one time there were three crowns in the royal family; now, as the result of a revolt in Athens and an amour in Bucharest, the number is reduced to one.

Certainly Marie's years on the throne (a dozen, now) have witnessed the striking of no great alliances abroad, no golden age at home. In these twelve years small progress has been made with two formidable and really menacing problems in Rumania, agrarian reform and the federation of racial minorities. These problems, to be sure, do not lie within the province of a queen. But if Marie's wide reputation is to be explained, it will not be easy to attempt it either on the ground of any political triumph she has scored or because of the happy fact that her reign has coincided with years of great peace and plenty for her people.

Marie's fame, one guesses, rests upon nothing intrinsic in her story, but rather upon something intrinsic in herself. She is a journalist, a thoroughly modern journalist, and the first queen-journalist in modern Europe. Over the story she has put the headlines.

Paris, in the first months of 1919, was the scene of a Peace Conference of statesmen dividing the spoils of war and drawing new boundary lines, Rumania's included. To Paris, in the first months of 1919, came Marie. Other queens had come to Paris in these first days of peace. Other queens had ridden through the streets, and bowed to the crowds, and smirked, and, overcome by the warmth of their reception, retired to their chambers. Marie, on arriving, wished to know: "Where are the reporters?"

She received them on March 7: not just a few of them, but all who cared to come—foreign and domestic, highbrow and lowbrow, Americans and Argentines, Japanese and Siamese, asking no more than that they be reporters of the news, people who were telling other people (by the hundred thousand) what was happening in Paris to everybody's claims, Rumania's included. She received them—and of course she bowled them over. Next morning the press of twenty nations paid its tribute. In America the feature-writers had a Roman holiday; even the Associated Press, which does its best to be unenthusiastic, spread itself upon this gracious, democratic lady "whose beauty enhances the charm of her forceful personality." Rumania's claims, languishing all winter, picked up suddenly in the news.

The incident is typical. In Marie's experience it has been duplicated more than once. It reflects an understanding of certain modern values which have much to do with fame: (1) the press is nothing for a queen either to snub or fear; (2) it is all very well to sit on a throne, but one's subjects do not see the throne, they read the Sunday papers; (3) what is called public opinion consists largely of reflex action to newspaper headlines; (4) it is better to send en masse for the reporters than to let them come in ones or twos. One reason why Marie is the most famous queen in Europe is because she is the first queen in Europe to establish

the press conference as a royal institution. The sceptre is a pretty thing, but in 1926 the world is more often swayed by hand-outs.

Nor is this all. If Marie is aware of the press, and of the importance of the press to anyone whose business in life is the preservation of a wide renown, she is likewise aware of the vast army of headline-hungry readers behind the press, what interests them, and why. That is, she is not only a journalist by conviction, but instinctively a journalist in method; and for proof of that it is necessary to look no further than to Marie's own syndicate material. Twice within the last eighteen months she has set the pot a-boiling. Once for the North American Newspaper Alliance, once for Mr. Hearst. Both times the writing and the selection of material have been her own, and not the work of a press-agent. The choice of subjects is impressive. No dull Balkan politics, no peasant problems in Rumania, no genealogies, no dim and distant memories of a royal childhood, but live things which the souls of millions of shop-girls pant to read about: *My Experiences with Men*, *Clothes and the Woman*, *Can a Woman Make Herself Beautiful?* *Dreams Do Come True*, *Beauty in Women*, *Woman's Loss of Beauty*, *What a Smile Can Do*, *Making Marriage Durable*.—Here is no writing over people's heads, but an instinct for the greatest common divisor of street-corner interest as sure as Mr. Hearst's, and a taste as catholic as Mr. Brisbane's. Here is sure-fire appeal for both the subway crowd and the farm-and-firesiders, served up by no less a personage than a reigning queen. Here is both the titillation of a bold idea and the profoundly moral undertone: for if Marie writes, under the head of *My Experiences with Men*, that it is fun for beautiful women to play with fire, one always discovers, before the essay ends, that the gentle reader is advised against it, if attractive, and patted on the back, if plain. Here, in a word, is journalism at its modern best: a "news" subject, a dash of piquancy, but an anchor cast to windward, and a kind word for the also-ran: the journalism of those two most successful journalists—the inexhaustible Miss Fairfax and the eager Doctor Crane.

Fame? Is it any wonder that Marie is famous when to ability such as this she adds the title Queen, and then goes on not only to interpret news, but make it? For of course she makes it. As a queen, inevitably she is on the stage and not merely on the critic's bench; and on the stage she has shown that she possesses that sense of "timing" which lies behind the whole philosophy of what is and isn't news. There was an era, for example, when mere grandness was the only necessary attribute of famous and successful queens. Of no one's mere grandness did the world read more, in those days, than Marie's. "Room after room in her palace" (this is one of scores of similar accounts which

might be clipped from the 1890's) "is a fairyland of rare tapestries, rich marbles, golden embroideries and white bearskins, the only rugs which she allows. . . . Robed in a trailing garment spangled with costly gems, her arms weighted down with barbaric bracelets," Marie would sit "in a golden room under a golden canopy" surrounded by many other golden things, including "a golden spinning wheel inlaid with precious stones" . . . Ah, the good old days, when a queen was a queen and a palace was a palace. Today, if one journeys with an ecstatic reporter through Marie's entourage one reads of pine rooms, plain and unadorned democracy and the simplicity of a queen who dotes on peasant costumes.

So it has been for twenty years, if you really wish to know what keeps Marie of Rumania in the news.

There was the day, some twenty years ago, when a dash of masculinity in fashion was just beginning to come in. Marie was in on that. Before Newport had abandoned the side-saddle Marie was delighting the foreign correspondents with a riding costume of "crush hat, bolero and Cossack trousers."

There was the day, something less than twenty years ago, when "a business interest on the side" was becoming fashionable for ladies of society. Marie was in on that. She had a factory of her own, when a factory operated by a queen was news—"having seen the possibilities in a business venture of this sort," the New York Press reported, "and with her own money establishing this unique industry [it happened to be the quill toothpick industry] in the land of her adoption."

Again, there was the day when it became the thing for royalty not only to tinker with a verse or two, but take up art in earnest. Marie has had a painting hung in a Brussels salon and a play produced in Paris. She is the author of four novels and a book of essays. About the time that the bed-time story began coming back (thanks to the radio) she wrote a bed-time story, too: about Stick-in-the-Mud and little Sootypootypuff, who teased him.

Styles change. It is the essence of Marie's far-flung fame that she changes just a bit in advance and so helps to set them.

Never is she behind the times. One might guess, even if one had not read of it in the papers, that in more recent days Marie would drive a locomotive fifty miles an hour, become an expert typist, and write an ad for Pond's Cold Cream.

Fame? Surely for Marie fame is no mere accident of time and space, but the plain reward of merit. For twenty years, with a verve of her own, a fascination for reporters and a sense of news values which cannot be matched on the continent of Europe, she has timed her activities so perfectly for the constant demands of a hungry modern press that she could have brought fame to a peasant's

daughter, let alone a queen. She is coming, now, to a land whose inhabitants she has described as "gloriously generous," "terribly sincere" and "marvelously efficient"—all things which they had guessed themselves. She wishes to go as far west as Utah, to see Niagara Falls and the Yellowstone, "the cowboys and the Indians," the coal mines, police courts, slums and moving picture magnates. She will see them all, and from each one of them she will extract copy enough to remain consistently on the front pages of a busy press: with two hundred gallant and desperately smitten news men ready to swear to it, if necessary, and if desired, that she has crossed Niagara on a wire.

One request she made when first she talked of this trip, and only one:

"I must plead with the American newspapers to be fair to me."

Fair to her? . . . God watch over young reporters on the road from Ambrose Light to Salt Lake City!

CHARLES MERZ.

From a Mexican Notebook

IT is possible that little things, things apparently insignificant, will count for more in the future of Mexico than sensational affairs which newspapers have headlined. During the early days of August, when excitement was at its height, the walls of Mexico blossomed out with posters, large and small, instructing the population to wash their hands before eating. They were issued by the bureau of propaganda of the Department of Public Health. They are one symptom among many of an intensive and systematic campaign to improve the physical and hygienic habits of the people. The rector of the University, himself a physician, lectures regularly to the inspectors of primary schools in the federal district upon social hygiene. Home-visitors are already at work in connection with the schools, and the federal normal school has a two years' course to train these go-betweens, whose duties are largely centred upon improving conditions of health. School medical inspection has been instituted. City schools are being provided with open-air swimming pools. Old residents say that one of the most striking changes is in the interest in outdoor sports. Before the revolution the common people were hardly permitted to enter Chapultepec Park, which is certainly one of the most beautiful of the world; now it has many childrens' playgrounds which are in constant use. During this autumn, Olympic games for Central America will be held in Mexico City.

An interesting manifestation of transitional movements is the growth of "new thought." There is in Mexico City a centre of the Impersonal Life. For the benefit of those as ignorant as I was, it may be said that the movement originated in a book with that title published in Akron, O. Whether it

reached Mexico along with automobile tires I do not know. But purely by means of a translation—of which over twenty thousand copies have now been sold—it made its way, and there is now a centre of the faith with four thousand adherents, holding two meetings a week. The members have come mostly from the educated classes, who have deserted the church, and have now filled the religious void with “new thought.” My statement in answer to a question that I had never happened to hear of the book or the movement in the United States was received with obvious scepticism. The inquirer, himself a physician, was prepared to hear that I was the author of the book. The book-stores are filled with translations of different types of occult literature. Probably more copies of Orison Swett Marden than of any other American author are sold in Mexico—except Nick Carter. One of the two leading dailies of Mexico City recently published an article on North American culture in which after a reference to Emerson it was pointed out that Marden’s is today *the* philosophy of the United States.

Mexico is the land of contradictions. This fact, so baffling that it keeps the visitor in an unrelieved state of foggy confusion, is at the same time the most natural of all its phenomena. The newest and the oldest exist side by side without mixing and also inextricably combined. The result is the Mexico of today; if I seek a single adjective by which to describe it, “incredible” is the word that comes to mind. Fifteen years ago farm labor was in a state of complete serfdom, in fact a slavery as effective as that of Negroes in the United States before the Civil War. Industrial labor was unorganized and oppressed. Today Mexico has, on the statute books, the most advanced labor legislation of any contemporary state; and the “syndicates” are the greatest single power in the land. The streets blaze forth the signs of the offices of the different unions more prominently than in any place I have ever visited. Five years ago the marchers in a May Day procession in Mexico City could be counted in the hundreds; now they amount to fifty or sixty thousand.

Human life is cheap; men with full cartridge belts and revolvers are seen everywhere on the street and in trains. A few weeks ago several politicians were shot at crowded mid-day in the street which is Mexico’s union of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. But any accident in a mine must be reported at once to the government bureau in Mexico City, and if it is serious enough to result in any miners being taken to the hospital, word of it must be telegraphed. The coexistence of customs that antedate the coming of the Spaniards, that express early colonial institutions, and that mark the most radical of contemporary movements, intellectual and economic, accounts for the totally contradictory statements about every phase of Mexican life with

which the visitor is flooded; it makes impossible any generalization except that regarding the combination of the most stiff-necked conservatism and the most unrestrained and radical experimentalism.

One of the picturesque elements of contemporary Mexican life is the religious life of the natives, where Catholic rites have been superimposed upon pre-conquest creeds and cults. A resident in the state of Oaxaca told me of seeing an altar on the top of a mountain to the god of rain where, just before the coming of the rainy season, pilgrims poured the blood of turkeys upon the ground and offered the breasts on the altar. These same peasants pour an offering of soup upon the newly plowed grounds just before planting, and make a similar offering after the harvest is gathered. And Oaxaca is not the most primitive state of Mexico. A professor in the University in Mexico City tells of being invited to the opening of a rural school in the mountains not far from Mexico City. In response to inquiries, the mayor, an Indian, informed him that he was a socialist and was also taking part in the ceremony of the adoration of the Virgin which was going on. Asked for an explanation of the seeming anomaly, the village chief replied that he was a socialist because the government had made the village a Pueblo—that is, granted it self-government—while he was adoring the Virgin because the charter arrived on the saint’s day. A not dissimilar story concerns the revival of worship of the old god of rain after a drought, where the rites were terminated with the advice of the old idol to purchase a new robe for the Virgin in the parish church. Priests are nowhere as numerous as are churches, and in many remote districts the churches are in the charge of locally elected major-domos, who conduct services except during the annual or semi-annual visit of a priest.

Some of the most beautiful pottery of the country is made in an Indian village of a few thousand inhabitants about ten miles out of Guadalajara. The entire family works together in the industry, squatting on the ground for the shaping and painting; the methods are those of centuries ago; not even a potter’s wheel is used. The patterns, while not identical with the primitive, are genuinely indigenous, observing a traditional type with spontaneous individual inventions. The school authorities had the sense to remove formal instruction in drawing from the schools when they found the taught designs were being copied. But half-way between this town and Guadalajara there is another pottery centre where the stores are filled—together with some specimens of Tonalá work—with all the monstrosities of commercialized European and North American “art.” Unfortunately, but naturally, in the minds of the well-to-do, the native pottery with its extraordinarily beautiful rhythms of pattern and color is associated with the life of

the peons; conspicuous consumption favors the use of artistic monstrosities. With the rise of the standard of living among the common people, it will be increasingly difficult to maintain the native arts. Fortunately enlightened educators, including the section of the federal department of education for indigenous culture, are working against the tide; whether with success remains to be determined.

Among the contradictions of Mexico is the union of anti-foreign, and anti-American, feeling with the disposition to imitate foreign things and methods, especially those of the United States. In some sense, the "Americanization" of the country appears to be an inevitable process, both for good and for evil. The Ford car and the movie are already working a revolution. English is practically the only foreign language taught in the schools, including even the national military school. The large emigration from Mexico into the United States is having a reflex effect. Increasing numbers of Mexican youth are sent to the United States for their schooling. In regard to large classes of goods, those from the United States control the markets, even in remote districts, and pervasively affect the habits of the people.

The close contact of the most industrially advanced country of the world with an industrially backward country but one possessed of enormous natural resources, the contact of a people having an industrialized, Anglo-Saxon psychology with a people of Latin psychology (in so far as it is not pre-colonial) is charged with high explosives. But the most definite impression of the many confused

and uncertain impressions I carry away is that slow permeation is so inevitable, under existing conditions of industry, commerce, travel and other means of distributing goods and ideas, that its great enemies are those who, impatient for immediate profit and judging affairs only from the standpoint of their own economic and legal psychology, would hasten the process. Their attitude and operations in the past are the chief cause of the deliberate efforts of the revolutionary government to handicap the economic invasion of the United States. Every activity on their part which looks even remotely and indirectly toward our intervention or even interference, only delays the natural process. It also increases, under the title of "stabilizing Mexican conditions," the inherent instability of the country. An ironical element of the situation is that those business interests which at home clamor for the free play of "natural" economic law and forces and which deplore governmental action, in Mexico distrust this factor and clamor for political and diplomatic action.

Finally, while one hears denunciation of the Mexican government from American business men, especially those engaged in mining and oil, what they say about Mexican "bolshevism" is mild in comparison with their language about the activity—or inactivity—of our own State Department. Judging from their attitude, those in our country who are interested in maintaining good relations between the two countries have more cause for gratitude to our own government than they are aware of.

JOHN DEWEY.

Little Ado About Everything

ELMER DURKIN was earnestly discussing the political situation with Chester A. Donner, the druggist, who didn't understand it, either.

"What's this campaign about, anyway?" inquired Mr. Donner.

"It's about the limit, if you ask me," the news-dealer replied.

"Yes, but what is the—you know—burning issue?"

"You've got me there, Chet. There's a raft of issues in the works, but they're all fireproof."

"Like these cigars you sell."

"If you're all through cracking bum nifties, let's give the issues the double-o and see what it buys us. We've got as much license to do it as anybody."

"All right, shoot. How about prosperity, economy and tax reduction? That's Cal's dish."

"Fair enough. That's what the offishy spokesman spokes about. Play this over on your jack register, he says. Read your answer on the pay check. It would be a good trick if they could do it, but

there are a couple of catches in it. The Democrats are all for that stuff, too, only maybe spread a little different. Right off the bat they are yammering for tax cuts that would give the insomnia to that Andy man around the treasury. Besides, there are spots out Brookhart way where it's not the spiffy thing to buzz about prosperity. It's not being done this season by parties who value their health. Economy doesn't listen quite so good, either, since they gave us the lowdown on Coolidge's mazuma department. Those alleged nickel-pinchers have bought everything there is except a war.

"Well, what else have we got to fight and bleed about? Don't say 'World Court.' That's too far off and all balled-up with reservations and alibis that their own papas can't understand. They just put that one in to make it hard. It's got no heart throbs in it. The tariff? Nix on that stuff. It's as dead as King Tut, mah jong and Leonard Wood. The French and Italian debt settlements? No, everybody is now getting jerry to the bad news that the less those brunettes promise us the less

they'll gyp us out of. There won't be much banana oil about the jolly old K. K. K., either. The Kukies are about shot. Even a goofer from Kokomo won't bite on that one any more. Reform of the Senate rules? Excus't, please. That's private stock and if you tried to horn in, Charley Dawes could sue you."

"Prohibition," said the reliable druggist.

"Not," answered Elmer, "if the cagey politicians can stick a muffler on it. There's a topic that throws a mean backfire every time it's cranked up. Nobody knows how dry we are, and the guy that guesses wrong, pro or con, is due to get walloped over the ropes into the twenty-seven fifty seats. Sometimes they doll themselves up with tags like 'middling wet,' 'slightly moist' or 'possibly partly cloudy,' but a label on a candidate means about as much these days as a label on a bottle. Even in York state, where all the bar-ometers say the humidity is high, most of the wiseguys are fixing to crawl under the referendum till the big wind is over.

"That lands us bing in the subject of Al Smith. Some of these Washington birds are feeding us the hoke that Al is a national issue, but what does he mean in the young life of a corn-belter or a 'dry, Protestant Nordic hillbilly eighteen miles from nowhere in Georgia? They tried to peddle Al to California a while back and all the answer they got was 'So's your old Manhattan.' I'd play the Smith boy on the nose any day in the home circuit, but I can't dope him as a national anguish, can you?"

"No, but what about C. C. himself?" asked Donner. "Is he a burning issue?"

"Not so hot, I'd say. Maybe he can qualify in Massachusetts where his private and personal Butler is running—safe inside the speed limit. Or in Pennsylvania and Illinois where the G. O. P.'s have red ears when they mention the names of their candidates. Of course Calvin will get the Chautauqua salute all over the map, but that won't make him the life of the party or the daughter of the regiment. It'll be tough going to slip over a slogan like 'Stand behind Coolidge.' That's pretty far back, if you know what I mean.

"So where do we get off, Chet, for national issues? There ain't no such animal. A guy like you that circulates freely among the nitwits, with your hand in their pocket, ought to know what they're goofy about. The Channel season is over for the year, the Dempsey-Tunney mitt tilt is all settled and the Yankee-Cardinal argument is off our chest. What is the great democracy gassing about, besides Queen Marie and the Hall case? Some wonder whether Hank Ford is going to put out a six-cylinder, gear-shift bus. Other hot fights are held on oil burners, electric iceboxes, talking movies, gadgets and dofunnies for the radio and whether it's right for tennis players to make a living. There are a hundred important questions we ought to wise up on, but we've got a tin ear. We break fifty-

fifty with the hardboiled eggs that run our government. They let us play with our toys and we let them play with our welfare.

"We've got to pick a flock of Congressmen next month to run the old boiler for two years and spend about eight billion berries of our good jack. Half of us won't vote at all and the rest of us won't know what the shooting is about. The best we'll draw is a bunch of nimble-fingered gents who will play politics by ear, by note and by the touch system from the fourth of next March till the cows come home."

"And that," said Mr. Donner drowsily, "would seem to be that."

FELIX RAY.

Curfew

Its pack of leaves
The park throws down,
And no bird pipes
A joyous air;
Harsh world, bleak sky,
The time draws nigh

When to a change
Intransigent
His course must turn
Whose youth decays:
Sweet youth, sweet hour,
I have plucked your flower.

Though parched with drouth
My heavy heart,
The wine is poured
In other lips.
Oh, Time unblest,
Bring me to rest.

A. E. COPPARD.

Sundown

This is the time lean woods shall spend
A steeped-up twilight, and the paled evening drink,
And the perilous roe, the leaper to the west brink,
Trembling and bright to the caverned cloud descend.

Now shall you see pent oak gone gusty and frantic,
Stooped with dry weeping, ruinously unloosing
The sparse dishevelled leaf, or reared and tossing
A dreary scarecrow bough in funeral antic.

Aye tatter you and rend,
Oak heart, to your profession mourning. Not obscure
The outcome, not crepuscular. On the deep floor
Sable and gold match lustres and contend.

And rags of shrouding will not muffle the slain.
This is the immortal extinction, the priceless wound
Not to be stanch'd; the live gold leaks beyond,
And matter's sanctified, dipped in a gold stain.

LÉONIE ADAMS.

Potemkin

EVEN in its disordered decade or two the cinema has known its cycles. Each country, in turn, has left an impression upon it, although not always in full tone. And now, even as the Germans are reaching their apogee in camera virtuosity and whimsical machine age fantasias, the Russians have given birth to Potemkin—a film which, because of the magnificent ugliness of some of its realism, as well as the blatancy of its Soviet trademark, has been in grave danger of coming permanently under the censor's ban, as far as America is concerned.

Potemkin has already been shipped away from the shores of England and the borders of Germany. Even their shameless dictators of sorts have shivered at the fearless tread of this intoxicated witch child of the Soviet. In its galling Tartar rhythm they saw nothing but the seeds of revolt. For Potemkin has been limned with vitriol. It has no story; it is simply the pictured narrative of the mutiny on the cruiser Potemkin during the last days of the Russo-Japanese war, drawn from the official log and the impressions of eye witnesses. But it is revolution! Not the anæmic and picaresque dumb show patented in Hollywood, but a black, cosmic flurry.

There are no stars, no actors, even; only the crew, the ship and the sea, the lonely harbor of Odessa with its restless, charged multitudes pouring over the breakwater at the first whispers of revolt. It seems impossible that this is the creation of a director, cameramen and extras. There is something too tenuous and elemental to have been manufactured. It is like some grotesque record of a gargantuan news photographer with a genius for timing and composition. The Russians have always had this penchant for realism, especially in their drama. It illumined even those early dark and naïve little "movies" that the Muscovites produced a few years ago, Polikuschka, Taras Bulba and the rest. But Potemkin has something that they barely gave promise of. There is the same instinctive feeling for drama, but it has ripened. Here is a cinema masterpiece, architectonic, self-conscious, as all art must be. It has movement, tempo, rhythm, compositional beauty. Technically superb, it has no hollow virtuosity. Potemkin and its young director, Eisenstein, are cinema wise.

Potemkin, outside of Russia, would be only a vodka dream. Even in that proud and often nebulous Berlin from which all good Ufa films come, there is no such directorial freedom. The Germans are more sophisticated in their use of the camera, in the management of lights and in sheer mechanistic device. Potemkin is often badly lighted; this may be due to the state of the present print, however. But Eisenstein has a musician's feeling for tempo; his rhythms throughout are amazing, flexible, trenchant, cumulative. It is impossible to imagine the terrific power there is in the slow, steady rise of the guns, or the crazy speeding of the baby carriage down those hundreds of steps, into infinity.

The Potemkin is at sea. There is mutiny in the air; sullen, emaciated faces. An officer insults a young sailor. Foul meat is thrown to the men. The air grows choking. A weasel of a man, bearded, monocled, the ship's doctor, is told to examine the meat the men refuse. Through his

glass he sees worms. He denies them. Men begin to gather on a lower deck. They slip away as an officer approaches. Everything as usual, engines pounding evenly, as usual. But there is mutiny in the air. Everyone on deck. Inspection, drill. Those who refuse to eat the meat are lined up. The Admiral, stout, peremptory, with flowing whiskers, measures his men. He commands them to throw a sail-cloth over the mutinying group. They bind them to the rail. "Shoot!"

The mutiny is under way. No one shoots. Then all is confusion, scrambling through the hatches, the crew against the officers, man against man. From every angle the camera glances down at them, recording revolt. Man, mere man, starved, brutal, frightened, clamorous, triumphant, whipped to madness—man fighting for his life. The sail-cloth, like a live thing, curls against the rail. The doctor is tossed into the sea; only his glass, caught in the ropes, remains swinging. Then the crew's leader, their first, is killed. The ship is theirs, but their spokesman is gone. They place him in a barge which moves silently, guarded by its rows of uncovered men, into the harbor of Odessa. It is like the funeral of an ancient king of the sea, a legendary ruler borne out on his pyre.

They come down from the city, slowly at first. The dead sailor is laid out under a canopy at the end of the breakwater. An old woman, shriveled, weeping, lights the candles on each side of him. The whisper of their first casualty. Young students, blazing-eyed, parliamentary, a woman with a child, women with parasols, women bareheaded in shawls, a few scoffers who are beaten into respect; from all corners of the city, over the bridge, under the bridge, storming the long breakwater, they come. It is like some prehistoric snake, this winding stream of human beings, as impossible to check as the rivers that rush to the sea. The city is in revolt. Food for the crew. . . .

Hundreds of little boats rush out of the harbor, gallantly, as closely pressed as the wild ducks edging south in the fall. Crates of live chickens; a pig gently carried by a woman; food, food, food! And then as those on shore wave their support, there is a change. A cripple moves suddenly. The armed guard press slowly, pitilessly, down the broad stone steps, abreast. Only terror now. A woman rushes down the steps with her child. She misses him. He has been shot down. She runs with the boy in her arms, chattering, pleading, into the fire of the guard. A beautiful young mother in a mantilla, wheeling a baby carriage, falls on the stones. Down, down, gathering speed in its flight, whistles the carriage.

The ship again. The officers have reached the rest of the fleet to warn them of the mutiny. The fleet is bearing down on the Potemkin. "All against one. One against all." Everything asleep on the Potemkin. Suddenly the news reaches them. Engines pounding, the ship moves forward at full speed. The others come nearer, nearer. The camera slips from one ship to the other, from the startled furrows made by their prows to the thumping of the Potemkin's engines, the furious energy on board as everyone rouses for the fight. Slowly, with a diabolic slowness, the big guns are lifted, higher, higher, till they meet the firing range. "Shall it be a broadside or . . . ?" The others flanked by smoke screens bear down on the Potemkin. . . .

Everything is ready, guns lifted, lambent. . . . And then the men on the other ships wave their sympathy. The revolt has spread. The *Potemkin* is saved.

It is only at this point that the film denies history and suggests propaganda. The revolt was in fact a temporarily successful one, but the mutineers were not joined by their fellows. Instead, the *Potemkin* escaped through the bombarding lines and was interned.

Now that the Russians have captured the cinema there is no end to what they may do. *Potemkin*, evolved under economic duress, probably with wretched studio facilities, still towers above all other "movies." Its purpose and method are so utterly different from those of the Germans that comparison is futile. It stands alone, a solitary cinema masterpiece. It makes no compromises; it is rid of childish romancing. One must be of a stout heart to survive it. These Russians will go far in the films. They have no censorship; a country that is still semi-barbaric, untouched by the decadence that has swept over western Europe, its strength untried, an artistic conscience. A film such as this could never have come from a country that is in its last stages of sophistication. "One must have chaos in one to give birth to a dancing star."

EVELYN GERSTEIN.

Jerome Kern

FROM *I'm Here and You're Here*, at the beginning, through *Ka-lu-a* a few years ago, to *Who* (from *Sunny*) last year, Jerome Kern has composed hits with admirable consistency; yet his work is far from being in the category of American popular music as it is now spoken of, as a national art, forerunner of a national opera. In choosing the men who are available to develop our music one thinks of the names of Berlin and Gershwin, of Confrey, Conrad and Donaldson, all among the composers of rag and jazz; Deems Taylor, Emerson Whithorne, and John Alden Carpenter come in from the more serious side; Antheil and Copland are among the modernists. Kern is seldom mentioned, perhaps because he came very close to composing operetta, almost as close as Victor Herbert when Herbert wasn't actually succeeding, and then withdrew.

Kern is an erudite among the popular composers, having learned twenty years ago what Gershwin is more rapidly learning now about the structure of music. He had, I believe, a German schooling and likes to write, and writes well, in the manner of Mozart; he had also experience in English musical comedies and in his collaboration with P. G. Wodehouse reminded one, without any suggestion of pilfering, of Gilbert and Sullivan. These are exceptional models in popular music; they and his own temperament have given him a quality which, until Gershwin arrived, was entirely his own—the quality of grace.

The sensation song a few years ago was *Yes, We Have No Bananas*; the typical song of last season was *Yes, Sir, That's My Baby*; both have energy to the point of violence, neither has a touch of grace, of lightness. They are the models for revue music; the *Charleston*, the song which

is stamped and shouted, is the hit, and only a few composers can compose this type and still manage to do a ballad. The gentler emphasis of the musical comedy type, the song which is airy and delicate, which woos and does not rape the ear, makes it a poor competitor; the song of Dionysos conquers the casual hymn to Apollo.

Yet it is impossible today to listen to the *Banana* song, which seems older, more specifically outmoded, more "quaint," than the *Bowery*; and I have never met anyone who experienced the delights of the *Princess* shows who did not want to hear again the pleasant cadences of *The Sun Shines Brighter*, *The Siren Song*, the *Rain* song, and the fifteen or twenty others which made that series notable. There is something of the quality of a carol in the best of Kern's songs; they are so distinctly written by a man who knows what can and ought to be sung, who wrote before the era when songs were meant to be danced. The sentiment which Wodehouse provided and which Kern set with unerring musical taste was always light and seldom silly; the music had always style.

Kern, in his business of supplying scores for the Dillingham shows, has to follow prevailing fashions; he was very early in the field with an adaptation of the blues and rather late, if I recall, in a not too successful *Charleston*. In these and in minor pieces his own quality is corrupted; *Raggedy Ann* is hammer and tongs work compared with anything in the period of *Leave It to Jane*. Other composers are not even tempted to write with the clarity, the flowing line, the sheer tunefulness of Kern; our popular music becomes snappy and broken, following not the capacities of the human throat, but the demands of the human foot; rhythm supplants melody. (Witness the change in Gershwin between *Innocent Ingenue*, *Baby and Sweet* and *Low Down*, and remember that Gershwin is exceptionally gifted in creating melody, has a vast endowment of tune; in the others the case is more marked.)

The disappearance of a kind of loveliness from popular music is the price we pay for the emergence of the expressive qualities which make jazz important; it is, perhaps, the work of a moralist to determine whether the price is too high. What interests me is that the absence of that quality is in itself a comment on those forms of entertainment which, if I may coin a phrase, may be called the lively arts. The downrightness, the smash and bang and excitement of these arts express one side of our present character to perfection; other sides we find in anæmic novels and epicene sentimentality. But one feels at times that the lively arts are a shade too lively, that the movement is more jerky than energetic, the force less vital than galvanic. In the ease and mastery of the great practitioners we get an artistic quality which gives us repose. No matter how violently a Jolson leaps, you can distinguish always the underlying intention of the dance, no matter how loudly he shouts he is always singing. But in the majority the shout drowns out the song, the splash of color overruns the line.

Yet I think that an artificial restraint is probably the worst thing one could counsel these artists. The result of such a counsel in certain jazz bands has been that the ancient fervor of jazz has gone and has been replaced by the dreary correctness of the genteel concert hall. It is

almost as dangerous to wish that these artists should think more of what they are doing, for obviously some of their rarest contributions are entirely impulsive and have as little to do with thought as the lapse into beautiful poses of a Siamese cat. One wishes that they would develop in accordance with their own genius and in keeping with the capacities of their art—a formula which effectively bars social refinement and is warmly hospitable to refinement of method.

The difficulty is that no lively artist has, as yet, the consciousness of a major artist, a feeling for his art; they are all therefore open to perversion by any passing mode, since popularity is the essence of their success. The qualities which are disappearing have a greater appeal to the cultivated than to the rough, and it is the peculiar success of a few that they have managed to hold their popularity and hold to their style, of fewer still that their style itself has created their popularity. But hardly anyone, with a capacity to do many things, has obstinately said, "This thing I have to do."

There is, I think, room for the minor qualities even in the minor arts, the popular ones. There is room, certainly, for one major quality, simplicity. It is because Kern has this that I have chosen him as a peg for discourse; it is the quality which will keep popular arts living. Yet even here there are qualifications. There is nothing essentially complicated in *Yes, Sir, That's My Baby*, but compare it with any European folksong or any American, with *Frankie and Johnnie*, and the difference is instantly apparent. Compare it, on the other side, with *Non più andrai* in the *Marriage of Figaro* and you arrive at the same result. The beat and the bang of *Yes, Sir, That's My Baby* seem simple enough, the sentiment is only a shout of pleasure. But it is uneasy, and simplicity is not.

GILBERT SELDES.

Deep River and Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES, on the stage, was rather a disappointment. In the book, one heard about the other characters and their doings only through the illiterate and highly disingenuous medium of Lorelei's account of them; and the success of the book's effect really depended on what Anita Loos was able to suggest which her heroine either didn't understand or wouldn't tell. In order to make a really satisfactory play out of the novel (if there is any such thing as making a really satisfactory play out of a novel) it would have been necessary to reconstitute these characters and events as they must actually have been. What the authors of the play have done, however, has been merely to put Ralph Barton's illustrations on the stage: they have added scarcely anything interesting: the characters, with the exception of Lorelei, are nothing but cardboard caricatures. This is surely not the fault of the actors—Edna Hibbard, G. P. Huntley, etc.: the trouble is that they are not given much to go upon. Edna Hibbard as Dorothy, for example, falls below our expectations, not only because she plays no real part in the action, but also because no real personality is invented for her. She merely

stands at one side of the stage and contributes her wise-cracks, which sound as mechanical and deliberate in the play as they seemed spontaneous in the book. (I believe that there is another reason, too, for Dorothy's comparative ineffectiveness on the stage: Anita Loos, who has written so few plays and so many movie scenarios, does not seem to be very good at dialogue: the conversation in the play does not carry us along and gives us too much the impression of being pieced together from the book.)

Spofford, again, is almost completely unconvincing: one had imagined a vice-crusader of the familiar kind who is aquiver with moral passion and more or less deceived as to his own motives. But the Spofford of the stage version is such a feeble and silly fellow that, in real life, he would never have got to the point of trying to reform anything. When Lorelei leaves him alone with the post-cards, we should expect to see him express a high indignation betrayed by a voracious interest. But, instead, he behaves like Walter Catlett, in some sure-fire Ziegfeld musical comedy, when a pretty girl crosses the stage. Yet, what scenes of comedy might have been extracted from having Spofford take himself seriously and expose passionately to Lorelei all his hopes, aspirations and ideals.

The only character completely created is Lorelei herself. And this is not merely because Miss June Walker is an excellent actress, but because she has been allotted the only rôle for which a style and psychology have been completely supplied. To have brought Lorelei to life is the principal achievement of the play: Miss Walker—a long way from the Jewish store-keeper's daughter of John Lawson's *Processional*—has divined Lorelei's middle-western accent, her voice alternately firm and whining, her doll-baby blonde prettiness and her belief in herself as a good girl so that we feel that we are seeing her exactly as she must have looked and sounded.

To have made *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* into a good play, it would have been necessary to recast it completely, to have written something quite different on the same subject. It might have been done by presenting a series of episodes in the heroine's career, with intervals between them—like Wedekind's *Erdgeist* or Edith Wharton's *Custom of the Country*. Such a play might have begun with the shooting of Mr. Jennings in *Little Rock*. Or the interest might have arisen from the progressive revelation of Lorelei's character. The audience should then, during the whole first act, have been allowed to see her only as she appeared to the men who believed in her, till, just before the first-act curtain, her real nature and intentions were revealed. And, in each of the subsequent acts, the audience should have been surprised with something more monstrous than in the one before. One of the only episodes in the book which one might have expected to gain by being seen on the stage was Lorelei's coming-out party, attended by both the bootleggers and the Racquet Club; and nothing was more disappointing in the play than its failure to do justice to this affair, of which we see only the dying moments and the last belated revelers. The last act, adopting the plan I suggest, might have presented the party in all its turmoil and scandal and might have culminated in Lorelei's making Spofford swallow both the pearls she has bought at his expense and the party. Mr. Eisman, whose

conversation with Spofford is perhaps the only interesting feature which the play has added to the book, might then have an effective final speech on his experience with Lorelei and his conclusions about life in general.

Either of these methods would have furnished the cumulative interest that the play—in which, even if you have not read the book, everything is given you at the beginning—rather fatally lacks. But all such speculations are futile: probably no one has ever taken the trouble to do over a first-rate novel into a first-rate play. And everybody will go to *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* as people used to go to the plays made from DuMaurier and Dickens.

Deep River, importantly announced as "a Native Opera with Jazz," with libretto by Laurence Stallings and score by Frank Harling, turns out to be rather a conventional and second-rate production. It is, in fact, merely an American imitation of the Italian opera of yesterday. By laying

the scene in the Louisiana of a hundred years ago, the authors were able, while still remaining on American soil, to get as far away from the reality of modern America and as close to the fictitious realm of opera as possible. The result is romantic *opéra comique* of an all too familiar type and no more distinctively American, except for the fact of being written by Americans, than *Bohème* or *Louise*. The jazz introduced into the second act is more or less sapped of its force and flavor by the universal solvent of sweetness which submerges revelry and disaster, white man and black man, alike. The scene of voodoo incantation, which is intended to be sinister and violent, gives an impression of jollity moderated by good taste. Deep River is not very well acted, but not badly sung. The production bears the imprint of the fastidious but flaccid hand of Mr. Hopkins. It affords a fairly agreeable evening of the same order as *The Vagabond King*.

EDMUND WILSON.

A C O M M U N I C A T I O N

The Genesis of the World War

SIR: Having been in Europe during the past summer I have only just read the review of my *Genesis of the World War* by Mr. Lowes Dickinson which you published in the issue of July 28. I beg to impose once more upon your good nature and generosity in allowing me space to reply to Mr. Dickinson, as I believe that his attitude raises fully as important methodological and historical problems with respect to the war guilt controversy as were presented by the second edition of Mr. Hazen's classic which we examined in your columns on March 19, 1924. At that time the seekers for truth in this province had to face chiefly those who still clung to the war epic and held Germany uniquely responsible for the War.

Today the opposition has come to consist of those who contend for the equal or divided responsibility of the Central Powers and the Entente for the War. This is a much more benign attitude than the wartime mythology and to many seems worthy of support, whether historically correct or not, on account of its alleged pragmatic value in promoting the cause of world peace and international good will. Unfortunately, this view no more squares with the facts than the thesis of unique German responsibility, and those who seek the whole truth must recognize that their next and last great battle consists in discrediting the hypothesis of equal responsibility. Almost incredible, as author of *The International Anarchy*, Mr. Lowes Dickinson now comes forward in his review as a champion of this theory of divided responsibility, and he is enthusiastically supported in this country by writers of the stripe of Prof. Bernadotte Schmitt. (See *Foreign Affairs* for October.) It is on this account that it is worth while to examine at some length the arguments of Mr. Dickinson.

It is worthy of remark in passing that these modern Horatiuses, who seek to stem the tide of incriminating truth which is flowing in ever greater abundance from the new documents, are compelled to make their last stand on a position which would require a complete overhauling of the Treaty of Versailles, in so far as it rests upon the

theory of war guilt entertained by its makers. Verily the work of the revisionist scholars has not been entirely in vain! Whereas there was two years ago arrogant and defiant proclamation of unmatched German wickedness, there is now the most frantic clutching at any straw which will help to prove that Germany was no less guilty than France, Russia and England.

Mr. Dickinson designated my book as "propaganda." Now if there is any stigma to be attached to propaganda it must lie in a demonstration of the falsity of the facts or deductions submitted. The test of propaganda is not to be found in the degree of the divergence of the material from popular opinion or in the distasteful nature of the content. Mr. Dickinson can prove my book to be propaganda only by demonstrating its fundamental inaccuracy, and this he has failed conspicuously to accomplish, as I shall endeavor to indicate in the material to follow.

Mr. Dickinson holds that I have dwelt "but slightly and apologetically" upon German acts and policies and have unjustly blackened the record of the Entente states. As an actual matter of fact, I have treated the facts of German responsibility fully as thoroughly, in proportion to their importance, as I have the part of any other state, and there is nothing "apologetic" in adducing relevant facts to refute the most grossly inaccurate of the Entente accusations against Germany. I will frankly admit that my treatment of France and Russia makes the record of the leaders of these countries from 1912 to 1914 about as black as the Entente indictment of Germany during the War, but it is the facts and not my writing which have made the case black against these powers. If Mr. Dickinson desires to spread a new coat of whitewash over Messrs. Izvolski, Sazonov, Delcassé, Poincaré, Millerand et al. he must prove the facts which I have brought forward to be inaccurate in themselves or incorrectly interpreted. The exponents of equal responsibility cannot escape the issue by the usual cheap and casual fling that those who have endeavored to prove the primary responsibility of France and Russia are merely the silly and irrational victims of a revulsion of feeling and of the swing of the psychological pendulum from one extreme to the other in defiance of the facts.

In regard to the Belgian issue and English intervention,

certainly Mr. Dickinson would not contend that Oakes and Mowat are to be compared in the slightest degree as legal experts with Loreburn and Ewart, whom I have followed in my opinion as to whether or not England was obligated by the Treaty of 1839 to intervene in case Belgian neutrality was violated. Further, every important British statesman who was faced by this problem in the nineteenth century took the position which I have maintained, namely, that England was not bound to act individually in support of Belgium. This was the interpretation accepted officially by Lord Derby, Gladstone and Salisbury. In 1870-71 Gladstone even recognized the necessity of making a separate treaty in order to place England in a position where she could legally guarantee Belgian neutrality. Early in the crisis of 1914 even Grey himself admitted that he could not yet be sure whether the British Cabinet would hold that England was obligated to intervene in behalf of Belgium in case of a German invasion.

I certainly have not held, as Mr. Dickinson states, that Grey was indifferent to the invasion of Belgium. I have indicated, quite to the contrary, that the German invasion of Belgium was the thing he *desired* above all else in the 1914 crisis. On page 552 I stated: "After August 2, if there was anything in the world which Grey feared and desired to avert, it was the possibility that Germany might respect Belgian neutrality, or, if she did invade Belgium, that the Belgian attitude would be such that the Belgian issue would not constitute highly potent material for inflaming the British populace." No, indeed, Grey was not indifferent to the invasion of Belgium! What he was indifferent about was what might happen to Belgian lives, property and national integrity, provided they could be successfully used as a pawn in his determination to advance the cause of Franco-Russian war aims. Like so many perennial apologists for Grey Mr. Dickinson fails to state the all-crucial fact that Grey refused point-blank the proposition of the German ambassador that England remain neutral in return for a German guaranty to keep out of Belgium.

With respect to the British negotiations concerning the landing of the British troops in Belgium, of course the British government was too clever to endorse this action officially and publicly, but it made its war plans on the basis of this project, and the British chief-of-staff and his associates traveled all over Belgium years before the War and carefully planned the positions and movements of the British army in Belgium. If the British government did not approve the discussions of Colonel Bridges in word, it did so very really and very fully in fact and practice. Mr. Dickinson makes the amazing statement that I have not indicated that there are any other sources on this subject except the officially edited and very incomplete Belgian Gray Book. The great source is the Schwertfeger collection of Belgian documents, to which may be added the Belgian documents appended to the German White Book and the very interesting chapter in Fox's *Behind the Scenes in Warring Germany*. Mr. Dickinson will find these all cited in my book in the appropriate place, together with Haldane's *Before the War*, which proves the practical adherence of the British war department to the objectives of Colonel Bridges.

Mr. Dickinson complains that he was compelled to "rub his eyes" over my statement that there existed "a secret British agreement to aid France on land and sea in the event of a war with Germany." A little "eye-rubbing" will manifestly do Mr. Dickinson no harm in his search for truth about Britain's relation to the World War. If he had

rubbed his eyes earlier he might long ago have read in the *Livre Noir* Sazonov's letter to the Tsar, describing his visit to England in the late summer of 1912, in which he said: "On his own initiative Grey gave me a confirmation of what I already knew through Poincaré—an agreement exists between France and Great Britain, under which in the event of war with Germany Great Britain has accepted the obligation of bringing assistance to France not only on sea but on land, by landing troops on the Continent." This was, moreover, before Grey went still further in committing England to the aid of France in the Grey-Cambon correspondence of November, 1912. Whether Grey would have repudiated the term "agreement" or not is of no significance. One can entertain no respect for or confidence in Grey's "repudiations" after having read his dishonest denials when interrogated about British commitments to France in the House of Commons in the spring of 1914. Further, it did not actually require a German attack on France to bring England to the aid of France. By the morning of August 3, 1914, before he made his famous speech asking support for his war policy, Grey had received from Germany a promise not to attack the channel ports of France if England would remain neutral. Hence, my summary statements, which Mr. Dickinson brands as "indefensible," are thoroughly supported both by the documents and by the historic events of 1914, and are actually the only statements of the facts which are defensible.

Mr. Dickinson's effort to soften the indictment of Poincaré is equally ineffective. He gives the impression that my brief quotation from his university lecture in 1920 is the only evidence which I adduce to the effect that he desired a war to recover Alsace-Lorraine, while, as a matter of fact, I have over a hundred pages of material based strictly on the documents which prove that his acts from January, 1912, to August, 1914, were uniformly consistent with the policy expressed in this lecture. Nothing could be more obvious nonsense than Mr. Dickinson's interpretation of Poincaré's attitude, to the effect that he felt that "those wicked Germans are determined to have war. We must be ready. And when the war comes we shall recover Alsace-Lorraine." Anyone familiar with the facts knows that exactly the opposite was the case, and that the great fear of Poincaré, Delcassé, Millerand et al. was that Germany would be able to induce the pacific group in France to accept a rapprochement with Germany which would make the war of revenge impossible. Poincaré has himself admitted that in 1912, when he was taking the crucial steps with Izvolski to lay the plans for this war, Germany was herself making the most vigorous efforts to find a *modus vivendi* with France and to avert the possibility of war. In 1912 Poincaré wrote on this point that "the German government seems obstinately bent on a rapprochement which nothing but complete reparation for the past would render possible." What was this "past" for which this "complete reparation" was due? The Franco-Prussian War, of course, of which Clemenceau has written, "In 1870 Napoleon III in a moment of folly declared war on Germany without even having the excuse of military preparedness. No true Frenchman has ever hesitated to admit that the wrongs of that day were committed by our side. Dearly have we paid for them." In a letter of March 2, 1871, to Countess Louise de Mercy-Argenteau, Napoleon himself wrote, "I acknowledge that we were the aggressors." In the decade before 1913 Germany, far from wanting war with France, was determined to prevent it if possible, and the so-called German "bullying" of France was chiefly limited to efforts to compel the French to give up the

threatening idea of revenge. Nobody has summarized this vital fact better than the brilliant young Frenchman, Alfred Fabre-Luce: "In short, with variations in their tactics, the Germans consistently aimed at reconciliation until 1913, when, finding all their proposals rejected, they were persuaded that France wanted war, and turned their whole attention to strengthening their armaments to insure their defense."

Mr. Dickinson contends that Sazonov did not want war. Probably he did not before 1913, but we have documentary proof that by December, 1913, Izvolski and Poincaré had won him over to the war party. His memorandum to the Tsar on December 8, 1913, and the minutes of the crown councils of December 31, 1913, and February 8, 1914, amply prove this. The real fact is that the Sarajevo plot came a year or so too early to suit the plans of France and Russia. Yet they felt that, even though premature, this Balkan incident (Sarajevo) must not be allowed to pass without bringing in its train the European War, especially as England seemed to be toying with the alarming proposition of an agreement with Germany. We know that before the Russian general mobilization was finally ordered Sazonov admitted that he was satisfied that Austria would respect the territorial integrity of Serbia, and on two different occasions the Austrian ambassador assured him that Austria would also respect the sovereignty of Serbia, a promise that Sazonov was careful to conceal from England in the crisis of 1914.

There is no ground whatever for the thesis that the Russian general mobilization was a defensive act. Austria did not mobilize until two days after Russia had decided upon general mobilization (July 29) and Germany did not mobilize until late on August 1. The Russian mobilization was an effort to gain time on Germany and Austria, and to catch them as unawares and unprepared as possible. Doctor Frantz has amply proved this in his article in the *Kriegsschuldfrage* for April, 1926. The Russian diplomatic proposals during this period were purely a subterfuge and a barrage, already planned out in the Russian secret protocol of November 8, 1912, to the effect that: "Mobilization does not necessarily mean the immediate beginning of hostilities because it may be of advantage to complete the marshaling of the troops without beginning hostilities, in order that the opponent may not be entirely deprived of the hope that war may still be avoided. Our military measures will then have to be masked by clever pretended diplomatic negotiations in order to lull the fears of the enemy as completely as possible. If by such measures we can gain a few days then they absolutely must be taken." This was the procedure which was followed with exactness in 1914. Writing in 1915, General Palyzin, Russian chief of staff, complained that events had made it impossible for the Russians completely to carry out their mobilization plans under cover of the diplomatic subterfuges, but expressed great satisfaction that the Russians had gained twelve days by their secret military measures and were able to surprise their enemies by the degree of their preparations: "Our mobilization struck the Austrians like a thunderbolt. It was then too late for them. They had become involved with Serbia. The Germans too permitted the first days to elapse without action. Altogether we gained twelve days. Our enemies committed a huge blunder [by crediting Russian diplomatic efforts as sincere] and conceded to us at the same time an incalculable advantage."

Mr. Dickinson complains—and this is perhaps the most crucial issue in the present debate—that studies of war guilt are obstructive to the cause of the improvement of European

international relations and the elimination of war. He likewise contends that the view of the unique guilt of France and Russia is as detrimental to world peace as the wartime conception of the unique guilt of Germany. It seems to me that both of these propositions are entirely fallacious. In the first place, if one decides to study the problem of war guilt he must pursue his investigations with no other aim and view than to discover the truth, no matter whether his results promote peace or war. Again, the only way to end war is to study the causes of war, and the causes of the World War in particular. Mr. Dickinson's view that we can end war in general without investigating the causes of wars in particular is equivalent to having a sanitary engineer contend that the proper way to prevent the recurrence of a typhoid epidemic is not to seek out the specific sources of water pollution, but to peruse in one's study a general treatise on pathology. The fatalistic interpretation of the World War is not tenable. The "international anarchy" made war likely, to be sure, but it did not make war inevitable.

Even more untenable is Mr. Dickinson's contention that to demonstrate the unique guilt of France and Russia would hinder the settlement of European international relations. Quite the contrary; nothing should do more to forward this salutary objective. The chief cause of European unrest and international anarchy today is the nefarious Treaty of Versailles. We can never have a settled European situation until its vicious work is nullified and a new arrangement based upon fact and justice substituted in its place. The Treaty of Versailles was erected on the basis of the assumption of the unique and complete German responsibility for the World War. The proof that France and Russia were actually chiefly at fault in the circumstances would seem to create a much more effective argument for eliminating the injustices of the Versailles pact than the view of divided responsibility.

To come now, in conclusion, to Mr. Dickinson's basic contention in regard to the responsibility for the World War—"either nobody was guilty or everybody"—it is wholly a question of meaning and degree. One cannot utter a categorical verdict about war guilt unless he carefully separates the remote from the immediate cause of the calamity of 1914. When we deal with the causes of war in general we must agree that "everybody was guilty" and that the thesis of divided responsibility may be conceded without argument. When we view the diplomatic history of Europe from 1870 to 1912 we must also admit divided responsibility for the international situation. When we examine the period from 1912 to 1914, however, there is no question that France and Russia were the most aggressive challengers of the European peace, but the Central Powers were not faultless. Finally, in the crisis of July, 1914, France and Russia must bear the almost unique and complete blame for allowing the Sarajevo murder to plunge all Europe in blood. To support the above contention as to the immediate responsibility for the World War we shall not bring forward the arguments which I have assembled in my book, but rest content with quoting from Mr. Dickinson's own admirable *International Anarchy* (pp. 429, 463-6):

Little Serbia stood on the verge of satisfying her national ambitions at the cost of the peoples and civilizations of three continents . . . For years the little state of Serbia had been undermining the Austrian Empire . . . What was the Empire to do in self-defense? One can conceive a world in which Austria

would not have wished to hold down a nationality against its will. But that would not be the world of history, past or present. Never has an empire resigned before the disruptive forces of nationality. Always it has fought. And I do not believe that there was a state in existence that would not, under similar circumstances, have determined, as Austria did, to finish the menace, once for all, by war . . . With every year that passed the Austrian position would get worse and the Serbian better. So at least the Austrians thought, and not without reason. They took their risk according to the usual canons in such matters. They may be accused of miscalculation, but I do not see that they can be accused of wrong by anyone who accepts now, or who accepted then, the principles which have always dictated the policy of states . . . German diplomacy was cumbersome, stupid and dishonest. Granted, it was! But German policy was such as any state would have adopted in her position. The Powers of the Entente say that the offense was Germany's backing of Austria. Germans say that the offense was Russia's backing of Serbia. On that point, really, the whole controversy turns. To my mind the German position is the more reasonable.

The pertinent question is why was the War not localized, as Austria and Germany intended and desired? There is only one answer to this: because Russia did not choose to allow it. Why not? . . . The answer is that she wanted Constantinople and the Straits; that she wanted access to the Mediterranean; that she wanted extension of territory and influence; that she had a "historic mission"; that she must make herself secure; in short, the whole farrago of superstitions that dominate all states under the conditions of the armed anarchy . . . France entered for the sake

of the balance of power and to recover Alsace-Lorraine; and her technical success in waiting till the declaration of war came from Germany does not alter the position. It had been known for at least two years past, it was reaffirmed more than once during the crisis, that if Germany came in against Russia, France would come in against Germany . . . At any rate since 1912 France would have entered when Russia did. And does anyone who has perused the previous chapters, and who realizes the state of Europe, believe that Russia would not have started the war a year or two later? . . . And England? . . . She had military and naval commitments to France which were like a suction-pipe to draw her, whether she would or no, into the war. And that approximation to the other two Powers of the Entente was made for no other reason than the maintenance of the balance of power. We had become more afraid of Germany than of our traditional enemies, France and Russia. After all of our commitments to France it would have been base to desert her. Agreed! But what were the objects for which those commitments were made? Our own power, our own empire, our own security.

I will close by inviting Mr. Dickinson, or anyone else who chooses to assume the task, to justify on the basis of the above truly masterly summary of the question of responsibility for the World War just quoted the thesis of equal division of guilt as between the Central Powers and the Entente. Does Mr. Dickinson stand by his own book or by his review of my book? He can scarcely claim to do both.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Northampton, Mass.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

What Is Civilization?

SIR: Anent Maeterlinck's question, "What is Civilization?" I submit this definition—Civilization is the capacity for coöperation.

BOLTON HALL.

New York, N. Y.

What's Wrong With Agriculture

SIR: The northern half of the Mississippi basin is the largest body of fertile and easily cultivated land in the world. It, including the contiguous Red River basin, is especially adapted to the production of grain. Yet the cultivators assert that they cannot make a satisfactory living and demand legislation in their favor. This is, to say the least, extraordinary.

Does not the explanation lie in the fact that capital and labor in agriculture can never be as profitable as in manufacturing because power and labor-saving tools cannot be utilized as well in one as in the other? Electrical transmission which enters into all manufacturing processes is but little used in farming. Again, the tools and plant of a farm are idle one-half the year. In winter the land as well as the reaper and thresher is dormant, nor is there any profitable work to be done. It is futile to expect as large an income as from an industry where production is continuous.

If farming were equal in income-producing power to manufacturing, we would see chains of large farms under one management from Texas to Minnesota. The value of a farm lies partly in the fact that it is productive, but largely in the fact that it is a home and contributes to the living expenses of the owner. This impalpable income accrues only to the man who lives on it and

raises a family. But it does not show in cash, nor can it be gathered by a corporation. As the farmer cannot see it, he concludes that he is being imposed on and that legislation somehow favors the manufacturer. But no legislation can make farm labor use as much power as manufacturing labor per man, or work as many days per year as industrial labor. Hence it can never be as profitable in cash, though in the past sixty years the price of its products has risen more than the price of manufactured goods, which indeed as a general thing have fallen.

CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

Hartford, Conn.

The Society of Women Geographers

SIR: The Society of Women Geographers has been organized by a group who feel that there should be some medium of contact between women distinguished in geographical work and its allied sciences—ethnology, archaeology, botany, natural history, sociology, folk-lore, arts and crafts, etc. For active membership those women are eligible who have done distinctive work whereby they have added to the world's store of knowledge concerning the countries in which they have traveled. Corresponding members are those who fulfil the requirements for active membership, but who reside outside the United States of America and Canada. The associate membership admits widely traveled women who are interested in furthering all forms of exploration. It is believed that comradeship between such women and those whose profession is active geographical investigation will be mutually stimulating and valuable.

BLAIR NILES.

New York, N. Y.

Hail, Columbia, Happy Land

A Short History of Civilization, by Lynn Thorndike. New York: F. S. Crofts Company. 619 pages. \$5.

WHEN a few years ago a rank outsider—and novelist to boot—swept the public off its feet with a universal history of man, it quickly became apparent that the Levites of the temple of Clio would not rest content till they had demonstrated how much more thoroughly they could cover the same ground. Truth to tell they had for years before the meteoric appearance of Mr. Wells discussed among themselves in their laborious manner the propriety of abandoning the traditional lines of history writing with the result that they had all but agreed that thenceforth they would scrutinize man with cold scientific eyes as a rather recently evolved animal in a particular setting of nature, when the impertinent Englishman, with little or no scholarly baggage to impede his progress, flashed by them to their goal. Here at length, some five years after that astonishing feat, is a professional historian with a portly volume which in its essential orientation to the problems of history puts itself in direct line with the widely circulated work of the famous novelist. Of course there are many differences, particularly in respect to scope, learning and style. Professor Thorndike is content to begin with the men of the Stone Age, omitting as not strictly relevant to his theme the Wellsian picture of the birth and slow preparation of our earth as the appointed stage of human history. His steady aim is the civilization evolved by man from the beginning to the present day, and his reading as evidenced by the references and more impressively still by the text itself is gratifyingly broad and critical. While the scholarly equipment of the late-comer compared to that of the pioneer is indisputably richer, it does not follow that he has surpassed or even remotely equaled his deft rival in advantageously setting forth his matter. In view of the extraordinary skill of the fluent story-teller in spreading, after the manner of a French chef, a magnificent-appearing feast patched together from mere pantry odds and ends, Professor Thorndike's conceded inferiority in the culinary art will cause no surprise, although it must indubitably put something of a damper on the public's appetite for his goods.

We have, then, a modern, "naturalist" history of man directed to enumerating his many notable achievements in civilization. The term itself is nowhere defined, but we are free to gather from the text that civilization includes about everything man has accomplished except in the fields of politics and war. Logically such an exclusion is of course indefensible, though it may be practically condoned on the ground that politics and war constitute the stock-in-trade of the old history, to which this product of the new history is consciously and vigorously opposed. The survey of civilization is planned on a genuinely universal scale. After the Stone Age comes the turn of the Near East—the Nile and Tigris-Euphrates valleys—to be followed by the Ægean civilization, which served as a forerunner of the Mediterranean world of Greece and Rome. This last is naturally a high spot, but it is not at once succeeded, for the sake of effective contrast, with the dark beginnings of our western culture. We should recognize, for it is still a merit too rarely encountered, that Professor Thorndike has resolutely turned his back on those narrow historical traditions which with sickening self-satisfaction exalt Europe and its white population as the hub of the universe. Only after he has recounted the story of the

Hindu, Chinese, Byzantine and Arabic civilizations, does he swing back to the west which he then follows through its successive phases down to the achievements and crises of our present industrial age. The long triumphal procession through the field of man's labor does not conclude, as it would have done in the days of Sophocles, with a hymn to Zeus, nor, as in the period of Christian faith, with humble prayer and petition to the Lord Paraclete, but appropriately enough, in view of the naturalist orientation of the volume, with a cheerful blast to the modern god, to Science.

With due allowance for its vast scale, the book is probably as sound in its facts as any single individual alive today could make it. As to its estimates of the civilization it reviews that is another and more contentious matter. On the whole they are prompted by a naïvely whole-hearted acceptance of our current standards of judgment and rarely do more than scratch the surface. In fact its deficiency in interpretative understanding is the most immediate weakness of this courageous venture. Like too many excellent scholars Professor Thorndike is so impressed with the importance of the data he has accumulated that he cannot bear to omit a single detail. In consequence his pages are quite usually so cluttered with matter that one cannot see the wood for the trees. That this is not the procedure of the artist the author himself makes clear in his illuminating chapter on mediæval art. This art aims never at fullness of detail, but always at significance; and if Professor Thorndike's artistry had been uniformly equal to his scholarship he would have given us a book much better balanced between mass and quality, between fact and meaning. A second and even more fundamental criticism involves the whole question of theory, the theory of history and of life. Eschewing all discussion of what civilization may be in its origin and nature, Professor Thorndike with the simplicity of a naturalist agrees that it consists of the varied positive achievements in the arts and sciences of a certain mammal called man. But no one knows better than the author that a historian is not a naturalist concerned with man in the scientific sense, with man as species. The historian's business is always with concrete peoples and societies brought to the level of very particular civilizations, of which the most outstanding common trait is a disconcerting habit of disappearing, when the hour strikes, in the eternal Heraclitan flux from which they rose. For the historian therefore there can be no such thing as a history of civilization, but only a history of civilizations. And in point of fact the author unconsciously subscribes to this position, for he never fails to show that each civilization of which he treats is a separate entity, a unique creation, and that when its energy is exhausted it departs never to return, leaving behind no more than the disjecta membra of its former grandeur. But perhaps because this implies a view of our human lot so tragic that he dare not face it, Professor Thorndike at the same time and with superb inconsistency makes an effort to construe a historical continuum by regularly making man—the non-existent abstraction—the residuary legatee of the successive bankrupt civilizations. The result is another abstraction, a non-existent civilization, which is the sum of all the actual civilizations which have gone before. Historically this is of course an unclassifiable monster which Professor Thorndike and those metaphysically oriented like himself none the less hug to their bosoms because it gives them the welcome assurance of a unified world. With this broad outlook gained, all the familiar planets of the day-dreamers straightway swim into ken, progress, well-being, brotherhood, peace, until invisible

brass bands begin to play, converging at last in heartening thundering unison on Hail, Columbia, Happy Land. For this reviewer history, which throughout its course discloses a contentious, colorful and plural world, affords no ground for any such hasty optimism. The author has mapped out for himself a fascinating field, but if he wishes to achieve results that will stand the tests of criticism he will have to rest his labors on a firmer theoretical foundation.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL.

The World's Best Seller

The Book Nobody Knows, by Bruce Barton. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 306 pages. \$2.50.

MR. BARTON'S guidebook, with its provocative, sloganesque title, is probably number 13,971 of the books which have been written about the Bible. People who have read none of these, and only a little of the Book itself, while they may often be annoyed at the way Mr. Barton expresses himself, will at any rate find that he does fill them with a great desire to read, for the first time, that 95 percent of the great original which Sunday School did not throw in their path, and an equal desire to reread what they think they already know. This in itself is ample justification for such an undertaking.

Mr. Barton is over-conscious of the age in which he is living and of the people he is talking to. Therefore he is at some pains to write about the Bible in a manner which recalls sales campaigns. He has four chief talking points. The Bible, he says, contains these great treasures: "(1) A bird's-eye view of the development of civilization, a sort of Outline of History, as Mr. Wells would say. . . . (2) Some of the greatest literature of all ages. . . . (3) The best of all textbooks in human nature. . . . (4) The story of the most successful life ever lived on this planet." An extraordinary, a wonderful, an epoch-making life, but surely not a successful one. But the business man, whom Mr. Barton too evidently has in mind, will be arrested by this word as by few others. Would he stop to listen if told that the life of Jesus was the most glorious failure in all history? Hardly. So the story of Jesus becomes a success story, and Mr. Barton makes much of the fact that more copies of the Bible have been sold than of any other book in the world, that "American presses are turning out Bibles, cords of Bibles, literally cords of Bibles."

This is probably what is called striking the modern note. Quantity and success impress us, though love, humility and the difficult life fail to do so. Mr. Barton strikes this note again and again. He varies it with borrowings from the language of the blurb, five-cent fiction and the advertising campaign. "Start in," he suggests, "with the first chapter of Genesis and you are gripped at once." Joseph, in his prediction of the seven lean and the seven fat years, "made the first Babson chart." "There is a real treat for you in David. What a romantic story of success." "Job"—Mr. Barton is paraphrasing the unrecorded words of God—"Job, you have helped me to win out in my contest with Satan." After praising in no uncertain terms the Bible's majestic poetry, Mr. Barton relaxes into a vernacular easily understood by office-boys: "But the next morning when Jonah thought he would be sitting pretty, God sent a worm . . ." and God made answer to Jeremiah: "Cheer up, Jeremiah, the worst is yet to come."

The curious thing is that in spite of these ferocious attacks of cheapness, Mr. Barton has a deep respect for the Book's spirit and its legends. He seems thoroughly

sincere, too, in his desire to be a good guide, to present something which deserves to be looked into as intelligently and sympathetically as possible. Though every one of the quotations with which his swift journey is punctuated sings out aloud and confounds his journalese, his flip skimmings, his agile compressions, one realizes that he has done a job which had to be done. People nowadays will simply not read the sources. It is the day of outlines, partly because the world is so increasingly complicated, but even more because we are too lazy to rediscover the whole and too hungry to accept fragments. Once the Bible was the sole property of priests, who doled it out as they saw fit, later it became a family book, which fed the speech and thought of all members, now it is another dark continent ready for the outliners' fitful illumination. Very likely hundreds of people who would otherwise have gone ignorant to their graves will now, thanks to Mr. Barton, be made acquainted with a great fountain of history, music, revelation, comfort. They won't mind his slick modernisms and his gobs of success in the least—perhaps these will be the very things to get them on familiar terms with a neglected book. After all, Mr. Barton is one more in the long line of those who have translated the Bible. Their history should teach us to be a little more tolerant than we are inclined to be. St. Jerome did it into Latin, and as Mr. Barton reminds us, "to the end of his life was cursed and denounced and called an atheist and a heretic and a whoremonger." Tyndale, who gave us the first English translation "was strangled, and his body burned." So it would be only repeating an old error to chide St. Barton for clarifying an antique book with his "success," "win out," "sitting pretty," "real treat," "deliver the goods." He is talking about the Bible to people of 1926 in the language they best understand.

R. L.

Debunking Capitalism

The New Leadership in Industry, by Sam A. Lewisohn. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 234 pages. \$2.

CAPITALISM is for many a word around which centre emotional conflicts, but the actual state of affairs is not necessarily what the emotions picture it. Mr. Lewisohn, who is a capitalist in a fairly strict economic sense, has in this book set out to tell us more accurately what capitalism essentially is—or, more precisely, what it is not—in relation to the employer-employee problem.

In the first place, it is not a set of circumstances which alone is responsible for all of labor unrest. If the ownership of productive capital were separated from private individuals we should still have labor and executives, with most of the problems of management and discipline; we should have the separation of the ownership of tools from the individual who uses them, we should have mass production and repetitive processes, and we might easily have class conflict of a different sort, together with political rather than economic exploitation. Those who are called capitalists have many varying relationships to the economic order; they are not entirely agreed among themselves, and while instances of their coöperation against labor may be cited, it is also usually true that they do not think, act or feel as a unit, whether consciously or unconsciously. The capitalist who owns industry, but is separated from its management may be moved by foolish anti-labor propaganda; he may be interested only in financial results and care little about labor policy—as in the case of the bankers who control both progressively union and hard-shelled anti-union

railroads; or he may actually be more liberal in his labor policy than the executive on the job.

Whatever may be one's ideas about the most desirable system of ownership, Mr. Lewisohn therefore believes it important to concentrate on the actual operation of industry in the shop, the mine and the factory, with a view to its improvement. The really important factor he believes to be the actual employer, whether or not he is the owner. The chief executive and his subordinates, Mr. Lewisohn thinks, have the making or breaking of good conditions of labor, and would have it under any system.

Here is where the chief fault of the present order lies. Many executives are prey to prejudices, delusions, antagonisms. They like autocratic authority, and have a class consciousness of their own. They are fit subjects for a study in mental hygiene. Often they are concentrated on sales or financial or technical activities, to the exclusion of human relationships. They do not realize that there is or could be such a thing as the science of management. It is therefore necessary to give them a broader training, to introduce the social sciences and labor study into schools of business administration, and to reach those who are already in positions of authority by the work of engineering societies and the example of successful managers. They must be led to think that a close attention to labor conditions is not the sign of a crank or a sentimentalist, but is an important job for a big man. In Mr. Lewisohn's words, the art of organizing men and women in industry ought to be made a "fashionable" subject among business men.

As to what this art ought to be he has ideas. Scope should be given to skilled personnel management. Niggardly wage policies are inadvisable; real wages ought to increase in the long run as productivity increases. The employer should accept the practice of consulting with his workers in the interest of efficiency. Industrial espionage is insupportable, and corruption of public authority in labor struggles should not be countenanced. Mr. Lewisohn even has a few qualified words to say in appreciation of the necessity and achievements of trade-unionism, though on the whole he believes unions tend to interfere with managerial efficiency and therefore should not receive wholesale endorsement. Management, he thinks, is responsible and therefore should not be hampered, even in the interest of industrial democracy.

And there is where we round the circle back to capitalism. Mr. Lewisohn is decidedly more liberal in his attitude toward unions than most owners of industry. Yet even if all were as liberal as he, the fact remains that they have a presumptive right to dictate the kind and degree of representation that workers shall have—a right which can be challenged only through outbursts of the very class struggle which Mr. Lewisohn believes is imaginary. Management is responsible, of course, and we cannot do without responsible management. But to whom is it responsible, and for what? It is difficult to see why it should account only to consumers and owners for efficiency, and not to workers for the conditions which determine their lives. Unions make a mistake indeed if they do not recognize the claims of efficient production. But why should an owner say that a mistaken union has no right to existence? There are plenty of mistaken owners, and plenty of mistaken consumers. The judgment of one party, unchecked by the considered and free judgment of the others, can hardly be a fair criterion of what constitutes mistaken policies. One leaves Mr. Lewisohn's book with the impression that labor militancy still has solid victories

to win before the era of functionalized, coöperatively governed industry can arrive.

Whether it is accounted for by his attitude in this matter, or by insufficient acquaintance with the facts, there are a few regrettable distortions in the volume. Mr. Lewisohn speaks for instance of the experiment in the Baltimore and Ohio shops as if it were a combination of trade union and company union, and gives no hint of the basic condition that it rests upon an agreement between an independent organization of labor and the management, specifying that benefits derived shall be shared fairly between the parties to the agreement. To omit this bit of information is to miss the chief significance of the plan and the reason for its unique success. On the whole, however, the book is a valuable contribution to the understanding of the importance of leadership in industry, apart from old formulæ.

GEORGE SOULE.

The Mind Made Again

The Making of the Modern Mind: A Survey of the Intellectual Background of the Present Age. By John H. Randall, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 653 pages. \$5.

THERE is confessedly large room for the play of temperament in any one-volume history that covers six hundred years of intellectual development in the West. Almost one might say his prayers and take his choice of the material. Professor Randall writes as though he were covering all important factors in the making of the modern mind; but failure to find any emphatic discussion of such events and idea-systems as are involved, say, in the long, slow growth of feminism or even in the evolution of urbanism will early serve to remind the critical reader that no history is as objective as it aspires to be. If one feels inclined to demand an explicit declaration of standpoint from an author who has not elsewhere exhibited his bias, he must tolerantly remember that philosophers in particular struggle against a convention that tends to find statements self-validating in proportion to their generality. The modern mind would have to be much more religious, for example, than any but the very religious would without proof assume it to be, to justify the emphasis here put upon spiritual factors in history. It is true that the author does note a decline of religious faith in modern times among both intellectual and laboring classes; but in spite of this he still feels, on the one side, that the modern mind is not "much more indifferent to the appeal of religion than the centuries of the past" and, on the other hand, that the chief competitor of religious faith—"a faith in science"—"is accepted as uncritically by the overwhelming majority today as the faith in Catholicism was in the Middle Ages; and it is possible that it is no more and no less true, in any ultimate sense, than was that faith." But if the reader is once aware of such hope-tinged, fear-tinged judgments on his author's part, he can discount them in so far as he does not share them.

And these either discounted or shared, the reader is then free to find poured into such categories as are already conventionalized in college teaching an amazing amount of first-hand material and challenging interpretation. Though there are traces here and there of the academician—e. g., the large amount of quoted material—and even of the preacher, there is a large leisure about the treatment, an unquestioned dexterity in handling material, and even a

fertility of imagination in recovering historic scenes, that suggest the artist as he makes out of many—in this case, very, very many—divergent elements one finished product. It is safe to say that Professor Randall has achieved a sympathetic insight into the characters and ideas treated in this volume that may well excite the envy of any man who has ever tried seriously to do on a modest scale what the author has attempted on a very pretentious scale. The volume is certainly worth for both general readers and college students as much as the author claims, though perhaps for neither class as much as the publishers ask.

T. V. SMITH.

Thin Theatre

East Wind, by Amy Lowell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 240 pages. \$2.25.

THIS second posthumous volume of Miss Lowell's poetry is composed of thirteen narrative poems. Eight of them, written in New England dialect, are in free verse. Of the remaining pieces, four are done in blank verse and only one, the concluding poem, is in rhymed quatrains. Technically, then, they present nothing new. As for their content, it is very much what the author's previous books have led us to expect from her in this particular genre. The theme that runs through the volume might be roughly designated as the psychopathology of everyday life in New England. Men and women living together out of wedlock and unable to savor their happiness because of the neighbors; people ridden by their "things" and fairly killed by them in the end; a young wife who goes kidnaping to satisfy her unfulfilled maternal instinct; a farm woman so sick of the eternal routine that wood alcohol seems sweeter. These, with one or two embroideries on Freudian notions, are the stuff whereof the poems are made.

The stories, most of which have a sinister strain running through them, are generally told as Henry James liked to tell his stories—by an observer not intimately involved in the action. This does not at all block the speed of narration. The tales run along as briskly as a buggy behind a fast mare, and they show almost as little of the people contained in them. A rakish vest here, the streamers from a bonnet there, a single dramatic gesture, and then the buggy and its occupants are off along the road, leaving one with the memory of a flash of color and the makings of a good gossip. Miss Lowell's people are types, not individuals, and so their tragedies leave one cold. It is hard to sympathize with an abstraction. True, the narratives are cleverly set forth. One is anxious to know what is going to happen next. But having learned, one is neither a wiser nor a sadder man—one misses entirely that sense of the intensification of life which is the very essence of poetry.

I will confess to very small liking for poems in dialect. They almost never come off. But even discounting this personal prejudice, I do not see how one can work up any enthusiasm for *East Wind*. Its serene blank verse has the same effect as have the pieces in the New England tongue. There is an inherent fault. Miss Lowell's material is excellent stuff for drama or for the short story. It might possibly be well handled in verse by such poets as Edwin Arlington Robinson or Robert Frost, for while both Frost and Robinson are concerned with the soul of man, Miss Lowell was at her best in dealing with the external world. Unfortunately, her fine gift for pictorial values is allowed no play here, because what she seems to have been after

is good theatre, rather than a landscape with figures. One can imagine the same material handled in a prose that would suggest Hawthorne at his weirdest, or perhaps the ironic, sophisticated idiom of Edith Wharton. It is idle to argue about might-have-beens, but it is interesting, and a little saddening, to speculate on what, with time and energy, this protean poet would have achieved had she tried a different medium. One wishes that she had not spent so much of herself on these dreary pieces.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Current Fiction

Crewe Train, by Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.

DENHAM DOBIE is the daughter of a retired English clergyman of misanthropic habit, who lived in Andorra and let his daughter grow up a peasant. Her mother's relatives, the Greshams, bring her to England where Arnold Chapel falls in love with the child of nature and marries her. In a very modern interior she plays the part allotted in eighteenth century novels, such as *Nature and Art* or *The Fool of Quality*, to a boy, usually called Harry, who illustrates the education of nature as opposed to that of artificial society. Denham does not care for the comforts or the amenities of civilization. She is content to be ragged and dirty so long as she is free and out-of-doors. Like her eighteenth century prototype she is prone to test social conventions by the crude touch of realism. This adaptation of an old device to new social comedy shows Miss Macaulay at her best. An adaptation of the old treasure cave motive to the needs of her plot is equally admirable. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that *Crewe Train* does not come off with quite the triumphant gesture of *Dangerous Ages* or *Told by an Idiot*. The Greshams are not so convincingly brilliant, so engagingly true, as the Hilarys or the Gardens.

Summer Storm, by Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.

SUMMER STORM is also suggestive of eighteenth century fiction and unhappily so. For Mr. Swinnerton, possessing such deftness and speed as he shows in *Nocturne* and *The Elder Sister*, to resort to the painful method of explaining and expounding the figures composing his triangle as they maladroitly paw each other over, suggests sheer perversity. It may be perversity likewise, but it seems like ineptitude, to ignore the point of view of the adventurer, and divide the story between the tame and colorless hero and heroine. We remember that among Mr. Swinnerton's masterpieces occur similar lapses—September, for instance—and we regret to assert that after last year's magnificent success, he has again drawn a blank.

Tin Wedding, by Margaret Leech. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.

IT is the highest praise to say that the perfect construction and method of *Nocturne* is recalled by Miss Leech's *Tin Wedding*. Here is a novel with the precision of a short story, based upon a strong theme, vigorous in design of plot, and lifelike in color of character. The action is contained within the hours of a single day, with nothing superfluous, nothing unfinished. It rises swiftly and certainly to its tragic revelation, and then falls gently to a

reconciliation which has the wistful pathos of life at a large discount—a Tin Wedding.

Return to Bondage, by Barbara Blackburn. New York: The Dial Press. \$2.

ANOTHER story of disillusionment in human relations, rather diffusely handled in the diverging lines of experience of the two heroines. Their association in the same novel, it must be said, seems rather arbitrary. The choric element furnished by four mothers is more impressive than the arias of the prima donnas, and gives a solid background of sound against which the keen notes of youthful pain sing themselves hoarsely. It should be hastily said that the musical comparison is purely figurative. Miss Blackburn writes only prose, a firm, dry, rapid style which gives her touch upon life something of aphoristic authority.

With Eastern Eyes, by Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.

MR. POOLE has given us a subtle study in point of view. An American family in its relations of husband and wife, parents and children, is seen by a Russian exile, who with eager loyalty to his benefactors tries to help. He cannot understand why the youngest boy with a genius for astronomy should be sent to Exeter to be standardized. "Why be normal? Why be broad and rounded out and democratic?" he asks. "Why not just work at what one loved?" He cannot understand why the seduction of the husband should be treated with American reserve. "Why keep all their feelings down? Why not relieve the obvious strain by one good emotional scene?" In the end he concludes that Americans, gods in power, are children in understanding. It is not the least part of Mr. Poole's art that he has made astronomy the occupational matter of his story, and the puppet show of human character is played against the background of the eternal stars.

Angel, by Du Bose Heyward. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.

AFTER his brilliant success with *Negro* life in *Porgy*, it was natural for Mr. Heyward to turn to the Poor Whites of the Great Smoky Mountains. He shows much the same gifts of insight and feeling, the same transfiguring power of imagination as in *Porgy*. In one respect only does he fall short. *Angel* is a true daughter of her mountains, grandly elemental in her peasant strength, but she and her story and her background have been part of American fiction since the days of Charles Egbert Craddock. Nor is Mr. Heyward's method new, as in Elizabeth Roberts's *The Time of Man*, with which *Angel* is sure to be compared. But the important thing is after all that Mr. Heyward has written another beautiful book and gives renewed promise for the future.

Desert, A Legend, by Martin Armstrong. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THE readers of Mr. Armstrong's lively chronicle of English village life in *The Goat and Compasses* hardly guessed that his next pilgrimage would take him and them to the Thebaid. Malchus flees from the corrupt society of Alexandria, familiar to us through Hypatia, Aphrodite and Thais, to the desert where by mortification of the flesh and the purging of every worldly lust he seeks

to lay hold on salvation. It is the desert itself, sun-stricken and wind-tossed, which is his purgatory, a wide expanse for human suffering; and if the story of Malchus is a mediæval legend, touchingly restored with the help of Mr. Ravilious's engravings on wood, the desert against which he wrestles for his purification is a modern parable.

R. M. L.

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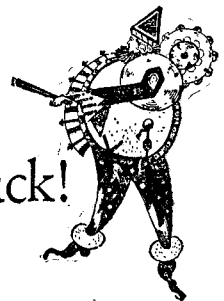
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